THE COMMONWEAL

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THE CHANGING CAMPUS

THE ballots cast by a democracy are the record of its social temperature. And since letters are the most complete and satisfactory of ballots, this review is receiving with deep interest a vast and varied correspondence on the subject of education. Even the portion of this that we can publish is enough to show from what divergent points of view people are evaluating the business of college life. Some have the fortitude of optimism; others are courageously critical. But taken together they do effectively symbolize, even as the rush of swallows heralds May, the coming of life into a process from which it used to seem that the vitality of the popular mind was divorced. Universities were wont to repose rather dustily on an upper shelf which only a few cared or dared to reach. Today they are, as it were, scattered about the floor. Everybody is ransacking them, succumbing to their charm, and sometimes subjecting them to criticism. Obviously this fact makes them more interesting, however open to counter criticism the critics may lay themselves.

It would be idle to expect that Catholic colleges should escape scrutiny. Indeed, we might very properly be disquieted if no din of alarm echoed across their campuses. Is there not a converse to "de mortuis nil nisi bonum?" Is not the very fact that something beside smooth things are said of a corporate body, good proof of its life? William James, defining education as that which teaches one to recognize an excellent thing on sight, implied that the educative process itself is fit matter for an elementary test of one's attainment. We are now old enough to look back over a number of years, and see to what extent the dreams of those who bravely built Catholic schools of higher learning in the wilderness have come true. Indeed, we are now so far advanced that certainty about being on the right road is crucial and critical. This is the golden age of construction in more ways than one; and the intellectual well-being of the Catholic generation that is knocking at our doors does very surely depend upon the Catholic architecture of today.

But who is to decide these matters? A capable woman, writing about women's colleges, says—"In this work, as in all others, however, the sisters must have the support, coöperation, and—perhaps—the constructive criticism of all Catholics throughout the country." Another writer feels that the vital need of men's schools is "help, encouragement and more help." We agree heartily. The endeavor of Catholic educa-

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tion should receive at least as much assistance as is given to education at Harvard or Chicago. But it does seem rather clear that whole-hearted public coöperation can be born only of whole-hearted public interest. Do we really feel that Christian culture—in whatever sense the word may be taken—is a patrimony which must be cherished and fostered to the best of our ability? Has it been brought home to "all Catholics throughout the country" that their institutions of higher learning are entrusted with an exceedingly difficult task, upon the relative achievement of which the influence of a supreme tradition will largely depend? No experienced educator would blandly reply in the affirmative. He would realize, however, that people are alive to the great and sacred need quite in proportion to the way in which they are measuring actual results.

These results are obviously immediate and up to the minute. Gone are the days when, hidden in the gloom of a Gothic tower, Christian scholarship might concentrate upon the texts of Vincent or Aquinas. Education today is an affair of the mass, and scholarship the result of a laborious selective development of those fit to lead. Campuses have changed: America is treading their tall grasses bare, and life outside college walls is bound to be affected profoundly by whatever is accomplished on their quadrangles. Something might be said—possibly sensible, but beside the immediate point—to the effect that university training is essentially selective and should not be dabbled in by the crowd. But it is altogether likely that people are going to seek education if they want it, and can afford it, regardless of the still, small voice that might suggest a more immediate route to work.

Consider what a problem is here presented to the Catholic mind. There are two avenues which the vast throng of our students may follow—the straight road through a school suffused by the illumination of their faith, and the circumambient path through colleges where the routine of secular training is completed by the religious atmosphere created by the Newman Clubs. Few people would doubt that the straight road is the better. We ourselves are wholly pledged to it. But no man who recognizes the difficulties and necessities of many who seek education will hesitate one moment in sponsoring the Newman Club movement and giving it all the aid in his power. This movement is bound to become more essential every year. It can be made stronger, more effective every year. The great Cardinal whose name it bears and whose ideas it incorporates, is at once an inspiration, a standard and a pledge. We cannot overtly commend it and covertly condemn and discourage it, if we really expect it to prosper.

And if education under religious auspices is the child of our hearts, surely we shall be deeply concerned about its rearing and status, its growth today, and its promise for the morrow. We love it but we expect much—though not too much—of it. If throngs of eager children can be assembled for the purpose of deepening their knowledge of the providential civilization saved for them beyond the wreckage of nations and of philosophies builded amiss, then let us reverence the glory of their youth and nurture it with a fine fervor, with no misunderstandings amongst ourselves, but conscious always of the society we hope—as did the heroic among our forefathers—to create in America. For the arts and sciences, all of them, are the levers with which the future will be controlled.

It is also apparent that such throngs can be guided and enlightened only by those made excellent through the arduous discipline of the mind. Our leaders must be tall men if they are to be seen above the level of the campus. "It remains for the younger generation of the scholars, priests and laymen," says Dr. Peter Guilday, of the Catholic University, in an excellent little book on Graduate Studies, "to take their places in the ranks of intellectual leaders conscious of the divine promise 'that they that are learned shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that instruct many to justice, as stars for all eternity.' " The whole world is prone before the intellect of man; and adoring deities made in its own image. We all do earnestly wish to bring it to adore the Spirit of God. But such things can never be if we rest content with some good work accomplished. The goal alone must be the watchword, not the distance traveled. Stonewall Jackson won his battle by marching not one mile, but twenty. If the Catholic public is to build its schools with vigor and triumphant joy, it must realize that they are pledged not to resistance only, but verily to aggression and victory.

To say that, is not to disparage the volume of what has been achieved so far, or to overlook the towering sacrifices which many good men have made. Long ago Bishop Spalding wrote that "in every American community, the capable and the good may still be found; and if they can but learn to understand one another, it will not be difficult for them, whatever differences may divide them, to coöperate for the general welfare."

Upon that belief, it seems to us, the success of Catholic education must rest. It is the great medium by which, on the one hand, our young people are to be made sharers in whatever is noble in the society round about them; while on the other hand, there will be given to those at a distance some knowledge of what bright treasure we have clung to all these difficult centuries. A sincere respect for all it has accomplished in the past is not incompatible with a keen desire that deepening and widening scholarship shall mark its progress in the future. None who wish it well would wish to see it screened from observation like a dead thing or follow it less anxiously—critically, if you will—than they observe the workings of their government or the business of their households.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH HELEN WALKER

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

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WEEK BY WEEK

OUT of the welter of confusion in the Russian church, strange gleams break, that are alternately bright with promise and lurid with the threat of further trouble to come. Despatches last week tell of the virtual failure of the Church Congress held at Moscow to raise any kind of standard round which bishops and clergy might rally to the defense of whatever deposit of religion has survived the laicizing policy of the Soviets. On the contrary, the rift between those who are tiring of strife and those who still believe that essentials of religion forbid any sort of compromise with the civil power seems to be widening. "At the present moment," says Mr. Duranty, the very wide-awake correspondent of the New York Times in Russia, "the confusion in the Russian church is such that, for the first time in 1,000 years there is a possibility of the reunion of the Eastern (Greek) and the Western (Roman Catholic) branches of the church.

IT would be easy for Catholics to exaggerate a prospect that so appeals to their imagination, where the wish is so apt to be father to the thought. Strong Erastian influences are at work to combat the prospect of reunion held out by Bishop Vedenski, the Metropolitan of Moscow. Bishop Makary, of Peterhof, goes so far as to call for public prayer for a government "now definitely established by the will of the majority of the Russian people," while the reactionary partisans of the late Archbishop Tikhon, though keeping in the background, for reasons that are not hard to understand, are by no means idle, and their views almost certainly do not include reunion with Rome. Among the many recent incidents which seem to show a growing disposition to seek salvation by a healing of the ancient breach between East and West, perhaps one of the most hopeful is the recent conversion of Dr. Philip Morozow, archimandrite of Wilno, Poland, and rector of the "orthodox" seminary there.

IN a despatch sent by mail and recently published in the Canadian Catholic press, a letter addressed to the faculty and students whom he is leaving is quoted. It gives some idea of how frail is the barrier that stands between the two great branches of the ancient church, and how natural, in a generation or two, would seem a gesture that swept it away. "In taking leave of you," says Dr. Morozow, "I beg you to believe that I do not betray anything that should be dear to you—true faith and attachment to our nation. In becoming a son of the Catholic Church, I remain faithful to the orthodoxy which saints and doctors of the one and indivisible Church have confessed. I repudiate no true 'dogma' of this orthodoxy. I am not asked to renounce our ancient rite in the tongue of the Slavic apostles, Saints Cyril and Methodius, a rite and tongue recognized and approved by Rome, side by side with the Latin rite. A recognition of the supreme authority of the Roman Pontiff in no way hinders me from considering myself a faithful son of our beloved Russian nation . . ." In face of such a declaration, a certain hollowness in the much be-paragraphed flirting with Canterbury and Lambeth during the summer inevitably suggests itself.

THE death of Dom Desiré Lenz, founder of the Beuron school of religious painting, cannot go unnoticed, if only because the decorative principles he upheld have been hotly and sometimes belligerently discussed. What should be the purpose of sacred art? By what means can this purpose be achieved? Dom Lenz had answers of his own to both these questions; and a splendid opportunity to demonstrate his beliefs came with the commission to decorate the crypt of Monte Casino, where the great Saint Benedict lies buried. It will be remembered that this work aroused the fiercest controversy, from which nationalistic feeling was not absent. The element of color was greatly suppressed in Dom Lenz's pictures; monastic simplicity of outline took the place of those fulsome contours which have been the legacy of the renaissance, and a certain rigorous control of emotion became very noticeable. Small wonder that traditionalists in art were grieved, shocked, and stirred to protest. But Dom Lenz continued his work, gradually and laboriously building up a school of painting that is now well known in every part of the world and familiar to many churchgoers in the United States.

THE time has not yet come for a satisfactory appraisal of this achievement. It may be noted, how-

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ever, that Beuron has one thing in common with modernist schools whose methods are different—the schools of Denis and Desvallières in France, and of Nauen in Germany. These feel that convention, especially commercialized convention, has flooded churches with a deluge of images which serve no spiritual purpose whatever; which are almost always untrue and insincere, and often so ugly and ridiculous that those whom a little training in the arts has fortified are moved to accusations of simony and sacrilege. Dom Lenz himself was modest in expressing an opinion about the work of others. He may be called a constructive critic in the best sense of the term; and so, even if the solution he offered for the problem of vacuity in religious art may prove not to have been the right one, he must be remembered as a gifted man who saw the problem and indicated the way in which it might be wrestled with.

THE display of recent German books, as shown at Columbia University under intelligent and courteous auspices, has brought to many a deeper realization of how vast is the world of literature. Here were volumes in almost endless array—volumes beautiful, plain, beguiling, learned, masterly, trivial—representing the German output of the last ten years. Particularly striking to anyone who shares the principles of this magazine was the large number of books representative of the Catholic viewpoint. Apart from the works of novelists, poets and creative writers generally, there were such things as an excellent series of manuals on philosophy, written by eminent Catholic scholars, and several historical works of splendid breadth and authority. Nor have we ever seen such attractive editions of favorite religious classics as those sponsored by the Theatines. These are bright, beautiful, comforting little volumes which made us understand, for the first time, that the works of saints should go out garbed as the angels for the winning over of all hearts. It would take too long to run through the list of striking and lovely items. But the impression left by the really remarkable ensemble is that we can hardly afford to miss knowing more about Germany and the work done there. If there are still people in America who feel that intellectual intercourse between this country and the German nation ought to be curbed, it is sincerely to be regretted that they could not view the display and be convinced, by the very impact of excellence, of their error.

THERE is a certain type of professorial mind which cannot be trusted to absent itself from the notorious aridity of the American scene, and come into contact with riper and moister civilizations without a certain mental intoxication overcoming its sense of proportion and national dignity. The sight of ivy-mantled college walls and of shaven turf that has been rolled and watered by generations of academic servitors, affects it very much as the promised land of Canaan affected Moses on Mount Horeb, and, stretching out its arms, it prophesies things strange and far. Professor Robert McElroy, a rapturous exile in Oxford, where he will fill the newly created chair of American history, is the latest upon whom the mantle of vaticination has fallen. In what the correspondent of the New York Times can only term an "impassioned eulogy of England," and before touching "briefly" on the incident of the Revolution, the professor had something to say about another and later war, and gave his own ideas upon what the line-up for final honors is likely to be after the sounds of the last reveillé have died away.

"THEY sleep together side by side upon the fields of France," said Professor McElroy in his peroration, "and none can say until the trumpet sounds which are the sons of England and which the sons of England's sons. And then it won't matter. Does it matter now?" With all respect, we think it matters a great deal that one who is to teach American history at a great English university, should betray so narrowly racial a view of America's effort and of the elements that have gone to form the American nation. It is to be hoped that the recording angel (Anglo-Saxon and Nordic, without a doubt) whom the new history professor foresees calling the roll, will be furnished with a few liaison spirits, to whom will be entrusted the minor rôle of counting the Rosalskys, Schmidts, and Petrocchinos—to say nothing of the Kellys and Burkes and Sheas, who will find themselves in what they believed was authentic American uniform and with the authentic seal of American devotion on their shattered bodies. This will at least prevent the honest fellows from feeling too cold-shouldered guests among the fine Anglo-Saxon company beyond whom the vision of Professor McElroy does not seem to extend.

MARQUIS Henri de la Falaise de la Coudraye, who is Gloria Swanson's husband, is nettled at doubts thrown upon the authenticity of his title, and Gloria, with all the air of a person not used to asking twice, wants "the question settled once and for all." For the benefit of a public interested in all that concerns the peace of mind of their favorites, the Associated Press has been conducting an enquiry abroad into the marquis's proofs of nobility, and a general disquisition on the significance of French nobility has resulted. The public in America, and England too, is in a pretty general fog upon the subject, and beyond a general impression that most foreign titles are "phony," has no very clear idea upon what nobility abroad may mean. The confusion probably arises from the fact that in England, unlike the continent, no such thing as a noblesse or noble caste has ever existed—the grandsons of noble houses sinking into the ranks of the

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commonalty, from which, to tell the truth, most of their families issued at no very distant date.

IN France, Italy, Germany, and to a certain extent in Scotland, it has been different. Here besides the peers of the realm, marked out by their political functions, a vast army of territorial gentry has existed for generations—a gentry sensitive of their local rank, who distinguish themselves from their bourgeois and proletarian neighbors by appending the name of some estate held by their family, to their patronymics. It is to this custom that the Marquis must have referred when he told the press—"I could add at least twenty-four other titles of small estates under which I might live." For the benefit of the Monday Opera Supper Club and others likely to be interested, it is to be hoped he will not. Alan Breck, the Highland cateran in Stevenson's Kidnapped, once waxed scornful over the Lowland lairds who fancied themselves aristocracy because they could "clap the name of some kitchenmidden to their christened names." Anyhow the best proof that contacts with democracy have not been without their effect upon the Marquis's common sense is to be found in the pregnant sentence that closed his interview with the representative of the press. "As a matter of fact, I am generally called 'Hank' in the United States."

IT is a good many years ago since the staff-captain in the pages of Mr. Punch defined the function of cavalry in modern warfare as "lending tone to what would otherwise be a vulgar brawl," and the exact value of the most romantic of all the arms has been under revision of one sort or another ever since. A pronouncement of the experts who have been watching the military manoeuvres in England to the effect that "instead of there being a necessity to reduce cavalry, there is urgent need to increase them," has proved a considerable surprise to the critics who have been preaching the obliteration of warfare familiar in the past under a cloud of tanks, airplanes and chemical gas. It is not surprising that at the service-dinner where it was made public, "loud cheers" greeted the announcement. The official military mind has not yet reconciled itself to seeing the laurels of victory falling into the hands of quite common fellows whose typical gesture, "being mechanical," is wiping oily fingers upon a piece of cotton waste. It cherishes a hope that wherever the next war may befall, it shall be under conditions where Job's war-horse may once more trample and neigh upon the hauberks and harbergeons of the foe. And it is not altogether to be blamed.

STUDENTS of military history will not have failed to note how the repute of successive methods and branches rises and falls according to the nature of the most recent war. The war of the American Revolution, in which, by the way, only a single British cavalry regiment, the 16th Light Dragoons, was called to serve, gave an impetus to light infantry training and skirmishing which largely helped to win the Peninsula war against Napoleon's serried columns. The lance came into use after bitter experience with the nimble Polish uhlans; and mounted infantry, in themselves a return to the old dragoon or man of both arms, followed the war in South Africa. Whatever the future may hold, it is to be hoped, for the sake of the element of the heroic in life, that cavalry will persist. Its popularity does not altogether reside in the glitter and general "swank" of its turn-out, but in the fact that it is the arm whose function is to be sacrificed at need. Ruskin has reminded us that it is not because the soldier is the man who kills, but because he is the man who is killed, that we do him reverence in our hearts.

AFTER a brief truce, the war upon whiskers has broken out in London with new virulence. Hooting crowds follow the fully-furnished face in metropolitan streets. Prophets of the idealistic and nut-eating school are being forcibly pulled off platforms in Hyde Park by the offending excrescences. A skin you love to clutch! Magistrates fine lightly and smile. The police tell hairy complainants that they are hairy henceforth at their own risk. It is all very jolly and British and tolerant. The ghost of Mr. Frank Richardson, if still free to roam, should be as busy as a contact airplane above the fray. Richardson, a clever but erratic Anglo-American journalist, a decade or so ago, devoted his talents, which were considerable, to an unsleeping crusade against male hair worn anywhere but upon the cranium. His intolerance was complete. All one to him were the matted chest-preserver of the orthodox rabbi and the most prophylactic of tooth-brush moustaches worn by the orthodox subaltern. He divided the objects of his hate into various categories, "book-markers," "face-fungi," "chin-moss," "door-mats," and "let-us-prays;" and expatiated learnedly on each to the eventual exclusion of other topics from his work, and perhaps to his own undoing, for the poor fellow committed suicide in a fit of depression that did not foresee the great uprising of national conscience that is taking place today.

THE bibliography of hirsuteness is a rich and picturesque one. Mohammedans swore by beards as lustily as Mr. Richardson at them. The Gauls, as Macaulay's schoolboy knows, plucked the beards of the Roman senators and King John scoffed unmannerly at the beards of the Irish chiefs, always a well-fledged race. Lely the Euphuist carried an arsenal of tooth-picks, quill pens and other small furnishings in his, and a parade of Holbein's gallery on London streets would call for the mobilization of police reserves and the enrolment of special constables. America has her own martyr to the cause of unlathered liberty. This

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was Joseph Palmer, of Leominster, Massachusetts, in 1842 or thereabouts. Attacked by indignant fellow-citizens, armed with scissors and razor, Joseph put up so stout a defense that he spent a year in prison, and refusing to accept a pardon for misdemeanors he had never committed, had to be strapped into an armchair and restored forcibly to liberty. Outbreaks of mob violence in England against anything regarded as an innovation are ancient history. But the war on so consecrated a survival as whiskers must be regarded as a break with tradition whose end no conservative Briton can affect to see. It also makes instructive comment on that overseas tolerance, so handy a comparison to home-bred radicals, when occasion arises to refer to the American "herd-spirit."

MR. TURVILLE-PETRE, an archaeologist working in the Holy Land, has recently discovered in a cave close to the Sea of Galilee, some fragments of an ancient skull with implements of stone. These have been examined in London, by Sir Arthur Keith, who reports that the skull belongs to that well-known group of ancient men known as Neanderthaloid and that the implements belong to a period of transition between what is called the Mousterian (to which this kind of man belongs) and the Acheulian, or next period in succession. An estimation of the capacity of the skull shows that it is about the size of that of the men of today. Further, its characters more closely resemble those of modern men than is usually the case with the skulls of this "race," to use a somewhat ambiguous term.

THE original skull from which this race is named was found in a cave in the valley of the little river Neander, not far from Dusseldorf, in Germany. It was for many years after its discovery in 1857, a veritable "bone of contention." In 1901, when Schwalbe, a very distinguished anthropologist, published a paper on it, he was able to record at least eleven different conclusions arrived at as to its character—all of them by men of authority—ranging from the opinion that it was the skull of an idiot, to the view that it had once harbored the brains of a modern Cossack. Now that many specimens of similar character have been discovered in various parts of Europe (this is the first outside that area) scientific opinion has settled down to the conclusion that this ancient race of men became extinct, just as the Tasmanians in historic times. Others still think that their strain is to be appreciated in modern races. At any rate, we know this about them—that they were skilful workers in stone, believed in a future life and suffered at times, like ourselves, from pyorrhoea.

ONLY a real old-timer, still bronzed by the desert sun, can appreciate the meaning of the Santa Fé centenary. He will recall what the country was like when you struck out for the uncharted West in a wagon, and finished the last leg of your lonely trip on horseback, with stars and none too friendly Indians for neighbors. When Senator Burton of Missouri talked with Jefferson about "a small sum for the protection of the western trader," few people dreamed of the commercial wealth stored beyond the Kansas plains; but soon afterward the march of the union began, led by romantic gentlemen like Colonel Doniphan (who has his delightful, if forgotten, Herodotus) and carried on by the great dynasty of Cody and Hitchcock. Every mile of the old trail has its stories of fighting and adventure, money and an ageless quest. Most of this is very remote from us, but the glamor of Santa Fé is still genuine.

WHERE, to begin with, is there another city like it—the colorful citadel of ancient Hispania, rising out of the desert like a poem in stone, and hinting at the mystery of omnipresent plains? Nowadays you journey over the trail as comfortably as you please, with food and fuel in plenty everywhere. Gone are the sinister red men of yore; and certain lone silhouettes of their docile descendants even add charm to the view. Gone is the infinite loneliness of the past—the boundless emptiness of a world without humanity. Yet even so, the spell of distance, of color, of primitive glory is immoveably present there. The artist has followed the trader; and America which once went into the Southwest because cotton sold for $2.00 a yard in Santa Fé, goes now for the splendor of desolate sunsets on crimson and cobalt mountains. Perhaps we also see more clearly than we used to the towers of the Spanish cathedral which dedicated the quiet city to its name, in the days when Indians were more than wraiths, and men remembered the kingdom of the Incas.

MR. HENRY FORD has at length fulfilled recent dire predictions and equipped a few of the plain people with airships which will wing them out of their back gardens, secure in the knowledge that if anything happens to the fender or the ailerons, new and identical portions may be obtained upon application. At present the price—$25,000 each—is somewhat beyond the range of the Minnesota farmer or the average Brooklynite; but with the help of a generous instalment plan and a mortgage on the radio, wonders may be accomplished. The first ten of Mr. Ford's "sane planes for plain people" will be placed on sale at a New York store, which accordingly may lure its guests to covet a Behemoth of the air and advance the cause of science. Here is an industry which, as the magnate of Detroit avers, is "bigger in possibilities than anything else in the world." Indeed, some of these possibilities almost baffle speculation. Of what microscopic importance, comparatively speaking, is the poet! Even Shakespeare himself, who sometimes kills off a half-dozen in

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an act, could hardly hope to cope with the tragic possibilities of tomorrow's air-picnics.

SURELY, the more one comes to think of it, the more puzzling seems mankind's childish trust in its inventive skill. Is every contrivance a real boon and every exploitation of mechanics a social blessing? There is too much irony in the inevitable answer. Older centuries proved the fatal accidents that beset reason when it seeks the conquest of intellectual mystery—the accidents set forth in Bourget's Disciple or Dostoievski's Possessed, for the instruction of moderns. Motors, chemistry, and other practical sciences have done inestimable good, but also much harm. Very likely one of the great problems of our time is to discover some proper method for the control of civilization's engines. Their mortality and morality cost is appalling.

CROWDS, radio fans and the kids have sucked the honey from another great baseball series. During these days we have all injected curves and lusty smashes into our vista of world news, showing thus how firm a nucleus for our thoughts and emotions is afforded by the national game. And yet there came also the sudden, saddening, report that one of the supreme gentlemen of sport had died, leaving to the world a fine memory and at least a momentary heartache. Christy Matthewson was, of course, a wonderful pitcher—no other man probably has ever brought a President of the United States half way across the continent to a seat at a crucial game; and certainly no other pitcher ever loomed so majestically in young minds, quite overshadowing George Washington and his cherry tree or even that transcendent model of boyhood, Frank Merriwell. Yet "Big-Six" was very much more than an illustration of diamond craft.

WITH straightforward, manly character he entered the lists of sport a gentleman, and came out a deserving hero. There was about him no flash, no scandal, no cheap clamor for notoriety. One had a securely comfortable feeling that Matthewson would not betray the trust of his position and uncover flaws over which the cheap journals could grin and sentimentalize. During the years following his war experience, when it became more and more evident that gas had weakened his constitution beyond recovery, there was no attempt to capitalize upon his record, but merely a simple resignation to the circumstances and a brave battle with death. Such men have a very real value above and beyond the achievements of brawn and sporting skill. They realize and typify, in a fashion, the ideal of sport—clean power in the hands of a clean and vigorous personality, a courage that has been earned in combat, and a sense of honor which metes out justice to opponents and spurns those victories that have not been earned.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

IN SPITE of his jealously guarded reputation for silence, the President occasionally speaks. At Omaha, where the American Legion was assembled in convention, he addressed to the nation certain words which have been awaited long and anxiously—"Whether one traces his Americanism back three centuries to the Mayflower, or three years to the steerage, is not half so important as whether his Americanism of today is real and genuine. No matter by what various crafts we came here, we are all now in the same boat."

Without naming individuals and organizations, Mr. Coolidge very openly implied that he wished to see an end made of certain very notorious forms of intolerance which have appeared since the close of the war. His opinion will carry weight. It will, moreover, convince everyone that the Republican party is not seeking to recruit its strength from proponents of "100 percent Americanism" who delight in hoods and uniforms. Yet only the literal-minded will tie the President's utterance to this specific point, thus overlooking the very real concept of social solidarity which he tried to bring up for consideration. Intolerance can assume many forms—we think it can take none more baneful to the interests of the republic than to proceed towards the dogma of enforced and standardized civic regularity.

The Italian, the Pole, the German, who comes to these shores, brings with him certain ingrained habits and cultural traditions which are, of course, different. Immediately the rigorist, particularly in education, demands a new and conformable spiritual dress. He does not see that normally there can be in the melting pot not one metal, but only an alloy. Perhaps President Coolidge helped to set him right by saying—"Granting first the essentials of loyalty to our country and to our fundamental institutions, we may not only overlook, but we may encourage, differences of opinion as to other things. For differences of this kind will certainly be elements of strength rather than of weakness. They will give variety to our tastes and interests. They will broaden our vision, strengthen our understanding, encourage the true humanities, and enrich our whole mode and conception of life."

It is precisely the individuality of our foreign elements that can give incomparable lustre to our society. Let us be grateful if the throngs of newcomers are not yet ironed out and stamped. Take them as they are, glorying in their vitality and even crudity, and we have sturdy foundations upon which we can build. Imagine the Puritan—in an older time—reconstructing himself according to the canons of what a good Cavalier ought to be! Or a French-Canadian being cut over into a perfectly respectable Mark Sabre! Both races have amounted to something in this world because they believed in themselves and took the time to justify their

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conviction. And so if we are content to let the Italian be an Italian first, we may hope that he will become a tolerable American later on. More than that, we can be of some assistance. We can take some genuine delight in his existence and shake hands familiarly. It would be regrettable to think we had crushed his song and love of color and passionate simplicity for the sake of humdrum routine and mechanical schoolmastering. It is surely better to have the Pole stubborn and clannish than weak and amorphous. Accumulated racial experience judged by any standards whatever is likely to be better than no experience at all; and as for American standards, they emphasize experience.

There is hope for a people who show active resentment when the privilege of carrying their patronal statue in procession is denied them. They at least would not have been Tories during the Revolution nor renegades during the Rebellion. They actually do make up a large proportion of the Legion membership. As for decorum, it does no harm to remember, once in a while, that America has not always been on the side of conformity.

NEWS FROM LUCARNO

NEWS from Lucarno indicates that the statesmen assembled there are gradually tying the affairs of Europe into a knot, the ultimate solidity of which must depend on two things—first, whether the Reichstag will agree to Germany's unconditional entry into the League of Nations; secondly, what France will demand in the way of a guarantee for Poland's boundaries.

Both are thorny problems, involving a host of contingencies. Germany is certainly justified in contending that a strict interpretation of Article X would oblige her to come to the aid of any embattled League member, no matter how elementary her own armament might be, or what use of German territory might be involved. But if she came into the League on her own terms, it would not only set a dangerous precedent and cause other nations to seek a similar abrogation of the offending article, but—and this is more important—it would concede to the Reich a diplomatic power which nobody is, as yet, willing to allow her. A compromise has been sought in a promise by Great Britain and France that after Germany's entry into the League, an attempt will be made to modify the Covenant in conformity with "the peculiar political and geographical situations of the members." Whether this is satisfactory to the Reich government, remains to be seen.

The question of eastern frontiers is more puzzling. France demands the privilege of guaranteeing the arbitration treaties as a preliminary to the Rhine Pact, while Germany arranges matters with Poland and Czechoslovakia. If this is acceded to, France's prestige in Central Europe will not only be stabilized, but will rise with passing years; and the famous "armed ring" with which the Reich is surrounded will be kept intact. Stresemann's first attack upon this came by way of a flanking offer to Belgium of a separate neutrality guarantee. It required nerve to propose such a thing while the memory of 1914 is still fresh; but that the proposal was made at all means that Berlin felt it could count strongly on Separatist feeling in Flemish Belgium. In all probability the French will carry the day on this issue—that is, they will, if the Security Pact is finally accepted and signed. And there is much excuse for optimism, because all European peoples are sick to death of war clouds and long for some permanent arrangement that will be relatively trustworthy.

The international surprise of the hour is Signor Mussolini's sudden decision to send an Italian representative to Lucarno. In all probability, this means that the dictator is convinced of the success of the conference, and does not wish his country to be isolated by an epoch-making affiliation of the major European powers. But what is Mussolini doing in Italy? Solving this question might well give the world a busy afternoon. Fascism has emerged from a nationalist movement to a form of government. Its power is secure; witness the fact that warfare upon the Masonic lodges has succeeded to an extent which three years ago would have been looked upon as utterly incredible. Soon will come the complete reorganization of Italy's government upon a basis that denies absolutely the democratic convictions and assumptions of the nineteenth century. Tossing overboard the system of choosing legislators by popular vote in specified geographical districts, Fascism will create a senate, representation in which will be based on the diverse organized social groups—labor, employers, agriculturists, and so forth. Groups not yet amalgamated will be formed with the aid of authority, so that even the "intellectual" professions will have their appropriate representatives. Likewise local popular government will cease; instead of the mayor chosen by ballot, each city will be ruled by a "podestà," or governor, appointed by the crown. Already the city of Rome is on the verge of change. The dangers and abuses latent in this wholesale conscription of the state's authority are as easy to see as its novelty; and yet one cannot help observing that Mussolini's system is upheld by a theory which, in one form or another, has been cropping out in all European countries. It is Russia à rebours; it is l'Action Française in practice. Perhaps it is the nationalistic counterpart to the trend towards international coöperation now so manifest on the continent.

And therefore the coming of Mussolini's delegate to Lucarno is of great importance to us, who must learn to know better the European peoples with whom our destinies are linked, and understand the political drift of the present world.

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IDEALS IN CATHOLIC EDUCATION

By IGNATIUS W. COX

EDUCATION concerns the whole man. The whole Christian man is as different from the whole pagan man, as day is from night. He shares with his pagan brother human nature derived from the first Adam with all its glory and with all its shame. He shares with Christ and from Christ another nature, the nature of grace, which is unspeakably a greater creation than that of the whole visible universe.

The ideal Catholic is the one who has developed appreciably his natural and supernatural powers. He gains knowledge by the use of his natural intellect, investigates the phenomena of nature, correlates its data, discovers the underlying proximate causes, and fits all this into a philosophical framework which unifies his knowledge because it gives him an ultimate answer to the tremendous questions raised by God, man and the universe. Like the stones of a Gothic cathedral, all the fragments of his knowledge have their own proper place in relation to the whole sum of his knowledge, and one part cannot and does not contradict another part, and is not in conflict with the whole. His knowledge, drawn from various sources, is welded into a consistent and coherent whole. Besides the knowledge thus gained by the unimpeded use of his natural powers, he possesses the knowledge presented to the intellect elevated by grace, the supernatural revelation given to the sons of God. The knowledge gained of God, man and the universe, by his natural intellect is completed, illuminated, perfected by the knowledge drawn from revelation. Not that he seeks from supernatural revelation his scientific facts, but that these facts are balanced and thrown into a new light by what he knows of the Author of nature from revelation. This dual knowledge, natural and supernatural, fused into a whole, constitutes the intellectual background of the ideal Catholic and is the basis of all his judgments with regard to life, its origins, its progress and its destiny. This is the ideal Catholic intellect, and the ideal Catholic man is the man who with such a knowledge and with will strengthened by all the natural motives and means which can be brought to play upon it, but much more strengthened by grace gained through prayer and sacramental contacts, seeks consistently and steadfastly the ideal presented by his Catholic intellect.

Since education deals with the whole man and the Catholic man is possessed of two elements, the natural and the supernatural, the ideal in Catholic education is to develop and expand to the utmost these two characteristic powers of the Catholic—the natural and the supernatural. There can be no more opposition between them than between true science and true religion. Each lies in its own field, though each ought to be developed simultaneously and "pari passu;" to develop one short of the other, is to fail to produce the ideal Catholic man. The ideal of Catholic education is to develop to the full the powers of the natural intellect and at the same time to inform it with the great supernatural truths; to develop and strengthen to the full the natural will and at the same time to bring it under the constant influence of grace, so that all its activity will be in conformity with the great supernatural destiny of man.

As is quite obvious, no sectarian college can achieve these results. I remember distinctly my impressions when, as a boy, I passed from a non-sectarian school to get my college preparatory training at Mount Saint Mary's, in Emmitsburg. It was like passing into a new world. There were the old familiar subjects of the curriculum and a splendid training in them. Over and above these there was, as an organic part of my course, the unfolding of the great Christian truths with the unfolding of the natural ones. There was the Sunday Solemn High Mass, and the Vespers in the evening; there was the spell of the liturgy with all its beauty. I can never forget the impression made upon me, the first All Souls Day, as we went to the college cemetery and there held service over the graves of the dead. The revelation of the yearly drama of the liturgical year, closing with the tragedy of Calvary and the glory of Easter Sunday, left an impression never gained before I attended a Catholic school. There was the rosary, said by the boys together; the visits to the mountain shrine; the silent moments in the chapel and the joys of frequent Communion. All this was not only a revelation—it was a revolution. I, as a student counselor of a great university for some years, know that these same influences are at work in the Catholic colleges today—elevating, illuminating, strengthening, preparing Catholic young men to face life with the Catholic answer to all life's problems; and preparing them for citizenship in Christ's kingdom as well as for citizenship in the kingdom of this world. Read the intimate heart revelations of students yearly published at Notre Dame, and see what tremendous self-development under the influence of grace is going on in the soul of the Catholic student while his mind is being refined and cultured under the influence of human knowledge and grace alike.

For those who sneer at or are ashamed of Catholic education in the concrete today, I have only pity. Their comparisons between non-sectarian and Catholic colleges are always faulty. They balance some minor consideration of the Catholic college with some minor phase of the non-sectarian college, and find the former

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wanting. But compare the two, the non-sectarian college and the Catholic college, not with regard to isolated details but with regard to each as a complete whole and as a system, according to ideals and aims, solidity of knowledge, correct appreciation of the problem of education founded on the essential dignity of human nature, capacity to develop men and Christians, and to train them for life and happiness here and hereafter—and the balance is always in favor of the Catholic college. The Catholic man who would sacrifice lightly the Catholic atmosphere alone of the Catholic college, for some ephemeral advantage of pagan culture, has failed to realize practically the finest things in Catholicity. He is to be pitied. He is a Catholic but he is an invalid—a man living but lacking the vigorous buoyant life that constitutes the joy of the living.

Nor do I mean to be understood that the Catholic college in seeking so steadfastly the supernatural, is overlooking the natural and all those natural means that make for solid education. As a matter of fact, most of the Catholic colleges in the East are now carrying through extensive building programs. Boston College has almost completed a group of buildings unique in architectural splendor, amongst which is a science building unsurpassed in the country. Holy Cross has completed two new buildings recently. Manhattan, by the splendid loyalty of its alumni, has erected a complete new set of modern college buildings. Fordham University is still in the midst of her building program, while Georgetown is inaugurating one. The Catholic colleges are not so financially down and out as some of their critics suppose. Nor have they lowered their standard of admissions in order to pay expenses. Holy Cross handpicks her men, and has four or five applicants for every freshman berth available. Fordham last year accepted 375 out of about 800 applicants for freshman. These colleges constantly have men in preparation, both at home and abroad, to assume the professorships when there are vacancies. Some of them are putting their lay professors through courses of preparation. As a matter of fact, Catholic colleges are not sacrificing the natural to the supernatural. They are keeping both the natural and the supernatural in their God-appointed places. They are teaching sound philosophical truth in their courses and giving their students a framework of knowledge which is certain and which answers all the ultimate questions of life.

The ideal in Catholic education here set forth is the ideal insisted upon by the new code of canon law. It is an ideal towards the realization of which the Catholic colleges are making greater and greater strides. But however imperfectly they realize this ideal, the ideal itself sets the Catholic college apart and renders it superior to any non-sectarian college. The Catholic college is not sceptical, is not agnostic, and does not throw the veil of despair over human life. I have read the ancient classics, reveled in the glorious civilization of ancient Greece and Rome, and at the same time felt all its emptiness, because behind it all, there is a great longing, and a great hunger, and a great despair which it took a God-man to dispel. In comparison with the glow and warmth and satisfying influence of the Catholic civilization that glorified all Europe when the intellect of Europe was possessed by Christian truth and the will of Europe led by Christly grace, ancient civilization is arctic in its chill. Non-sectarian education today may have some of the virtues but it certainly has most of the defects of ancient civilization. Non-sectarian education today is fragmentary, sceptical, depressing without answer to the fundamental questions forever clamoring for answer in the human heart. It is education without Christ and Catholic education is education with Christ. That is the essential difference.

The Elf Child

Melissa was a strange, strange child;
  Less human she appeared than elfin;
With thoughts as wild and eyes as dark
  As dusky caves she hid herself in.

Shy chipmunks were at ease with her;
  And squirrels poised upon her knee.
She loosed her sweet, self-fashioned songs
  With tilted head against a tree.

She floated like a wisp of cloud
  Up mountain trails too steep and high.
At night, her swiftness trapped in bed,
  Her bright, caged eyes would find the sky.

With windy spaces her delight;
  And wayward paths to roam at will—
Oh, now it must be hard for her
  To be so mute and lie so still.

GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS.

Nordic

Rainbows and stardust found no room
In the dark wood, in the grey gloom,
  Until a strange god poured a flood
  Of sweetness in this brutal blood;
Then from their Gothic chrysalis
They flew to meet his melting kiss;
  They drank his blood as starry wine
  Beyond the sources of the Rhine;
No Alpine pinnacles possess
A faith beyond their soaring stress;
  Until at last they found his home
  Hid in a sunlit altar of Rome.
"O sons of Thor," (do you hear his cry?)
"In me you live, in him you die;
  Athens, Sinai, Nazareth
  Taught you the meaning of life and death;
The glittering Mediterranean sea
Has cradled you as well as me."

J. E. SPINGARN.

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CATHOLICS AND ECONOMICS

By H. SOMERVILLE

I BORROW the title of my article from that of David A. McCabe's contribution to The Commonweal of July 15. As my text, I would quote from his article, An Industrial Conference—

> There is a discrepancy of such high visibility between our claimed [Catholic] unity as to [social] principles, and our disagreement as to the actual quantities, measures or methods demanded by justice, that we cannot honestly ignore it. Nor is it easy to view it with complacency. Who of us has not heard or read a hundred times that the solution of our social problems but awaits the application to them of Catholic principles? Who of us wishes to deny it? And yet how many of us are prepared to say what the specific application of Catholic principles is which will give the proper answer to any particular industrial problem.

Mr. McCabe's candor in confessing our weakness flattered a hope that he was going to conclude by giving us some consolation. But all he could do was to praise the efforts of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, which "devotes itself to exposition and discussion, does not attempt to arrive at a collective conclusion, cannot be used to commit Catholics to any particular position on any industrial issue or piece legislation, actual or proposed . . . Nor does the conference consider the adoption of specific formulae. Discussion . . . is its business."

It would ill become me to make light of the objects and methods that seem good to the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems. The last eighteen years of my life have been devoted to just such objects and methods in Great Britain, with an interlude in Canada. The work has been done in connection with the Catholic Social Guild. Hundreds of study circles have been formed, innumerable lectures delivered, vast qantities of literature published, a summer school for education in these problems held annually, and a small residential college established in Oxford where picked Catholic men of the working classes are trained in economics and political science.

Yet with all this work, we Catholics in Great Britain are as remote as the Catholics of the United States from, I will not say unity on social questions, but the possession of any sort of social policy except in such matters as birth control and divorce, where there is no possibility of evading the teaching of the Church. I imagine that we are even more befogged than are American Catholics, for I do not know that in the United States it has become common for Catholics of good standing to call themselves Socialists and to be prominent members of purely Socialist organizations. Not a gossamer thread of agreement binds the Catholics of this country in any sort of unity on practical social policy. Having no policy of our own, it cannot be expected that we exert any influence on the mind of the nation. Our opinions are formed for us by our environment and our interests.

Recently, I addressed a large Catholic meeting in Battersea, which is the constituency that returns Mr. Saklatvala to Parliament. The title of my address was, Can Capitalism Be Abolished, which was chosen as calculated to catch an audience in that part of Battersea. All my condemnations of the evils of capitalism were received with favor. When I quoted a passage from the Rerum Novarum condemning Socialism, a priest on the platform was prompting me to say "Communism." The most extreme people call themselves Communists and it is safe to condemn them. The people who call themselves Socialists are less extreme and, as they are very numerous and powerful, it is considered dangerous to quarrel with them. There was an open discussion after my lecture. All, except one, of those who made a speech or asked a question were either Socialists or Communists, and it was the most radical sentiments that obtained the greatest applause from the audience. In short, it was a "Red" audience, though a Catholic one.

I have very frequently lectured to Catenian audiences. The Catenian Association consists of Catholic business and professional men, and somewhat corresponds to the Knights of Columbus. Here I can quote Pope Leo's denunciation of the evils of capitalism and it will be taken as a sort of meaningless pietism signifying nothing in particular, but the Pope's words against Socialism will be received and repeated with gusto as the Church's message to the modern world. In other words, Catholic business and professional men have the same capitalistic mentality as non-Catholic men of the same social strata.

Now the Church has definite doctrines, set forth in the encyclical, Rerum Novarum, which any reader can purchase for three pennies. It is true, as David A. McCabe says, that some who have examined the encyclical "pass it serenely by on the other side with the comforting assurance that the principles there set forth are so vague and general in their expression as to be capable of whatever interpretation best suits the interests of the particular interpreter." Now this is not the fault of the encyclical. The encyclical is not vague, and it is not merely general, if this word is used as a synonym for vagueness. The encyclical is balanced, but it is clear. The encyclical in setting forth a right, emphasizes the corresponding duty, and in expounding a duty points out the correlative right. The result is that partisans who go to the encyclical for party ammunition can always find there what they want, and they can ignore what

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they do not want. No honest and intelligent man who reads the encyclical can declare the Pope to be in the least indefinite about property, or about Socialism, or about the living wage—to mention only three examples of first-rate importance. The Pope himself solemnly declared that he wrote the encyclical by virtue of his Apostolic authority. It is Peter feeding Christ's sheep and Christ's lambs. If we are Catholics. we cannot but believe that the encyclical has the highest importance and value for us. Pope Leo XIII was not acting like a political leader issuing applause-catching, studied ambiguities.

Why, then, with the encyclical in their hands, do Catholics in the United States and Great Britain remain, in face of great questions of social justice, like sheep without a shepherd, and sheep gathered into alien and enemy sheepfolds? I believe it is because we have limited ourselves to "exposition and discussion;" we have "not attempted to arrive at a collective conclusion;" we have taken care "not to commit Catholics to any particular position on any industrial issue or piece of legislation, actual or proposed." Not so is it in the continental countries of Europe where there are Catholic parties and Catholic programs; in Germany, where the Centre party has kept Germany from the extremes of Junkerism and Socialism; in Austria, where a priest Prime Minister has elevated a nation from ruin; in Belgium, where Catholics, with a narrow majority, have retained government for generations and have made their little country a pioneer in social progress; in Italy, where Don Sturzo, having resisted Bolshevism, has saved Catholics from being identified with the suppression of liberty by Mussolini. It is true that in these countries Catholics, by their positiveness, have brought attacks on themselves and factions among themselves, but they have not been nullities.

The policy of negativeness in England leaves us nullities. The time has arrived when we must "attempt to arrive at collective conclusions;" when we must try to "commit Catholics to a particular position on industrial issues;" when "program-making," and not mere discussion must be our business. The United States are somewhat ahead of us in this respect. We have no Dr. John A. Ryan among us, giving clear, concise verdicts on industrial issues that arise; we have had no bishops' program of social reconstruction. But of academic exposition, or general principles and eloquent expression of progressive sentiments, we have had enough and to spare. I dare say that our years of effort by the Catholic Social Guild have not been unfruitful: they have prepared our minds and created an atmosphere for a new step forward. I express no opinion as to what is the present need in the United States. It may be that the stage of exposition and discussion should be prolonged there. But the time must come, the attempt has to be made, to arrive at collective conclusions; not only that, but to attempt to put those conclusions into practical effect. Program-making that is simply platonic is only a form of discussion. Every program must be drafted to deal with immediate issues and, from its nature, it becomes out of date in a very short time. What is wanted is a constant effort towards the realization of a practical policy.

THE PARADOX OF FRANCE

By JAMES J. WALSH

OVER here in America we heard much of the change that came over France during the war so far as the attitude of the people, and particularly of the men, toward the Church was concerned. In the practice of religion and revival of faith, we were given to understand that a veritable revolution of the spirit had taken place. It seemed as though most of the opposition to the Church, so notable a feature of French political life before the war, could scarcely fail to disappear due to the magnificent response of Catholics to their country's call; above all, it seemed as though the return of the members of religious orders as chaplains with the troops, and even as common soldiers, had neutralized the bigotry and anti-clericalism of the preceding period. Some five thousand French priests lost their lives in the service of their country. Many of them had voluntarily returned to their country from exile—imposed on them by the French government for no other reason than their adhesion to the religious orders. Many hundreds of French priests were decorated for bravery in the field with the highest symbols that men, who had so bitterly opposed them before the war, could give. It seemed to be entirely out of the question that there could be any recrudescence of that anti-religious spirit which had characterized French policy during the early twentieth century.

It was hence surprising to most of us last spring when the municipal elections for the Senate electors made over the balance of power to the Socialists, and stimulated Herriot to make the announcement that he intended to have an immediate official enquiry as to the status of the religious in France, in order to enforce the laws against them. After all their war sacrifices, the members of the religious orders are now merely on tolerance as individuals in France—not as members of their orders. Most of the orders are supposed not to receive new subjects, and even many of the tolerated ones are, due to the laws, dying out. For instance, the order of the Sisters of Saint Joseph, now

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nearly three hundred years old, engaged in every form of good work in France, while still occupying some of its houses, is not allowed to receive postulants nor to increase its numbers. It is only permitted to disappear with the passing of those now in the order.

It was very evident from Premier Herriot's attitude that the old anti-clericalism was ready to manifest itself quite as rampantly as before, and that the policy of the Left—that is, the radical and socialistic elements in the political arena of the country—were just as ready as ever to proceed with the task of de-Christianizing France. The representative at the Vatican was recalled; the promises made to Alsace with regard to the maintenance of its religious school system were withdrawn, or at least discounted; then the new census of religious orders was announced with the manifest purpose of appealing to the old laws against them. All this was begun in spite of the fact that France's financial situation was such that only the efforts of an absolutely united nation would be able to rescue the country from impending financial ruin. Indeed, it was this fact and the utter failure of the government from a financial standpoint that led to Herriot's downfall and to a temporary retrogression of the government from its anti-Catholic procedures. There is, however, no guarantee of the length of time that this respite may endure.

I have just paid a visit to France. While I was there entirely too short a time to be able to obtain anything like satisfactory data for an independent judgment, the opportunity to visit Lisieux, Lourdes, Lyons, and Paray put me somewhat au courant with the religious life of France. My stay in Paris was particularly informing, for I had lived there as a medical student thirty years ago, and so had the opportunity of comparing the practice of religion today with that of the past generation. One thing was evident—the attendance at the churches in France generally, and in Paris particularly, is ever so much better now than it used to be toward the end of the nineteenth century. There is a much larger attendance of men than there used to be, though the disproportion in the churches between men and women is still more noteworthy in France than in any other country in Europe. It is evident, however, that the faith of men has reawakened to a very notable degree. How this is going to further prevention of government encroachment on the rights of the Church, and how successful the aroused Catholicity of Frenchmen may be in enabling them to prevent further appeal to unjust and persecutory laws, remains to be seen.

In France some twenty years ago, I had an opportunity to talk with Jules Verne at Amiens, when that well known French writer was in his seventy-fifth year. After I had been with him for a time, Madame Verne came in to see who it was who was taking up her husband's precious morning hours. Jules himself had not said very much regarding politico-religious conditions in France; though at the moment the country was in the midst of the worst religious persecution of its history. The congregations were being banished. Madame Verne was a fiery little Norman who thought that the supine fashion in which the men of France, proclaiming themselves Catholics, had allowed their relatives to be driven out of their monasteries and convents—their goods confiscated with the worst possible injustice—was a disgrace to the manhood of the nation.

It seems almost impossible to believe that this sort of thing should recommence after the war; but the move made by Premier Herriot indicated beyond all doubt that the old enmities are not dead. The French Catholics are now committed to a policy of passive resistance to the unjust laws that dispose so summarily of the congregations. In a great many quarters where one would least expect it, the voters, in recent months, have proceeded to elect to office men who, by their affiliations, are committed to the anti-clericalism which characterized so many of the French politicians before the war. It is almost impossible for an American to understand how a number of recent elections, especially in the cities, in strong Catholic districts, went in favor of the Socialist party, swelling the ranks of the Left. This was true in Bordeaux, where the Catholic population is strong, and also in the cities of Brittany, supposed to be almost exclusively Catholic. Even in the cities of Alsace, the elections swelled the forces of the radicals. This is very discouraging. It looks as though it will be only a short time before the Left will have such a large majority that the enforcement of the anti-religious laws on the statute books will be inevitable. When the disturbed state of finances has been remedied it would seem as though the old persecutions would be taken up again.

Monsigneur Landrieux, the Bishop of Dijon, in his book, The Lesson of the Past—Our Congregations and Our Schools, of which a new edition was published recently, says—

> The government has played for time, with wonderful dexterity has appeared to suspend its campaign, in order that the resistance should subside; and then—as soon as the opposition had been lulled into impotence—it quietly gave another turn to the screw. That is how, without any unduly violent shock, but methodically and by degrees, and always under the cloak of legality which has a hypnotic effect upon the people, the Church in France has seen itself driven from every one of its positions, plundered of all its possessions, put outside the pale of the law, repudiated by the state, made captive—on the soil of France—by a handful of sectarians and a tribe of upstarts—without a title and without a future, driven to beg its bread, and fallen to such depths of destitution that its enemies declared that it could never rise again.

Practically all the writers on this subject point out that one French government has succeeded another, on the average of more than one a year, and in spite of this rapid series of changes, a consecutive policy of

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persistent attack upon the Church has been pursued in defiance of public opinion and against all the conservative instincts of the great mass of the French people. Only one thing will explain that consistency of policy—that there is some power, some moral force behind the successive French governments, which is committed to an anti-religious policy and maintains it through all the vicissitudes of French politics.

The question is now whether French Catholics will allow themselves again to be deprived of some of the privileges that they hold most dear, including, above all, the religious education of their children. As the result of the suppression of the religious schools, the cost of primary and secondary education has mounted until it involves a colossal burden of taxation which never existed before. Despite this ever increasing cost, many Ministers of Education have, as pointed out by Bishop Landrieux, admitted time after time, that the amount of illiteracy was actually growing throughout the country under the new, very expensive régime of exclusive state education. The religious orders were suppressed, their members banished, their property confiscated. It had been said that the escheatment to the state of the property of religious orders would serve to endow charity and education for all time in France. In practice it was found that the properties of the religious sold for scarcely enough to cover the needed expenses of their liquidation, though of course it afforded opportunity for the wholesale scandalous corruption of the liquidators. The question, then, is whether further injustice shall be permitted, for it is an open secret that many of the religious congregations have come back and are taking up their work, though the laws on the statute books make them amenable to just such persecution as they suffered before.

It is still conceded on all sides that the majority of the French people are Catholics. When one compares the influence that this majority exerts on the life and government of France, with the weight held by the comparatively small minority of Catholics in England, it is almost impossible to understand the situation. There is no doubt at all that French Catholic influence has been frittered away by all sorts of minor political interests. Hence the readiness with which political parties proclaimed their opposition to the Church and proceeded to make laws in accordance with that policy.

However, there are now definite signs that French Catholics are preparing to assert themselves. Succeeding governments, from the time of the institution of the Third Republic, have but very rarely represented the majority of the French people. That is the reason why there have been so many changes of government. Catholics have never made themselves felt properly. Their union, in defiance of further encroachment on their liberties, and their proposal to submit no longer to unjust laws, will lead to the accusation that they are not good citizens. It is very probable that we shall see disturbed political times in France during the next few years. To secure the repeal of the laws on the statute books will require widespread organization of French Catholics, and readiness to sink all political motives but the highest in an effort to secure justice.

THE NEW POLAND

By LADISLAS WROBLEWSKI

(This is the second of two articles on Poland by Mr. Wroblewski, Polish minister to the United States. The first appeared in The Commonweal for October 14.—The Editors.)

I BELIEVE that only our children's children will be in a position to pass a fair judgment whether in these first years of our second history, we of Poland have done our utmost, or whether we have simply reached the average point of human effort, or perhaps remained beneath it. A few facts and figures may, however, assist to visualize what has happened in Poland in these last five years.

In the dismembered pre-war Poland there were two universities—now there are six. The number of high schools has been increased from 463 in 1914, to 800 in 1923; the number of primary schools from 18,000 before the war, to 31,000 at the end of last year. Instances where our peasants proceeded first to rebuild a damaged schoolhouse or to erect a new one, and only afterwards to rebuild their demolished homesteads, were not rare. The number of teachers is not sufficient to cope with the magnitude of the work. Still, about 10,000 school teachers are being trained every year—we expect within two years to equip every school adequately. Unlike the way in which Poland herself was treated, she does not discourage education among the national minorities within her territory, and it is the Polish government that opens new schools wherever they are needed in the provinces inhabited in part by Ukrainians, Germans, and White Ruthenians.

The Polish railways started in 1918 with a total of 5,235 miles, whereas the present railway system comprises 11,000 miles. There were destroyed in the war 7,500 bridges, ninety-three stations, and over 3,000 other railway buildings. Since the end of the war with the Bolshevists, all of this damage has been repaired, in some cases temporarily, but always in such a way as to permit continuous effective service. Through trains are now in operation to Paris, Ostende, Berlin, Vienna, Prague, Bucharest and Riga. There is an express service to Moscow with sleeping-cars, change to the Russian gauge being made at Stolpce,

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near the Polish-Russian frontier. We had only 2,000 locomotives in 1918, now we have 5,600; 110,000 freight cars instead of 40,000; and 11,000 passenger cars instead of 5,000.

A year ago many people abroad seemed to appraise Poland according to the exchange value of her currency. I think that the year 1924 brought a definite settlement of this great problem in Poland, as the budget for 1924 was balanced, and the bank of issue started its activities about June—with the result that the zloty is now near parity. Thus we have come to the end of the time when to have few dollars in pocket gave the owner a feeling of infinite superiority and perfect happiness. This fact permits me to speak more freely about the question of exchange than I should have done two years ago.

I am not expert enough, however, to be able to say whether it was within human power to introduce a sound currency earlier. I do not feel qualified to state whether it was at all possible, otherwise than by a miracle, to establish a normal currency in a country which inherited the Austrian crown, the Russian ruble, and the German mark as circulating media, and which has no gold mines. I am not able to judge whether it was possible to organize at the same time, within an incredibly short period, the entire public, social, and cultural life of the country along modern lines.

But if it was not possible to do all these things at one time, then, I have no doubt, it was wiser, and more practical too, to devote all our energy in those early years to education, sanitation, protection against epidemics, to the restoration of railroad communication, than to attempt experiments in currency reform, experiments which, in all probability, in that melancholy environment of bankrupt countries, would have proved disappointing. I believe that those other problems relating to the physical and moral welfare of the people were more urgent, were of a higher type, and that it was more profitable, even from a materialistic point of view, to approach them first.

Mr. Willis H. Booth, vice-president of the Guaranty Trust Company, and president of the International Chamber of Commerce, who visited Poland last year, said on his return—

> The physical conditions of Poland are showing each year a marked improvement. To anyone familiar with the country three years ago, its present status is a source of amazement. Largely an agricultural country, we find 100 percent of the arable land under cultivation at present, though the yield will be only about 80 percent of the pre-war yield on account of lack of fertilizer. Modern methods of crop rotation are employed, and the living conditions of the rural population compare most favorably with that of other European countries. The nation is agriculturally self-sustaining, and will, this year, have a surplus for export of beet-sugar and potatoes. Poland has both high and low grade coal, lumber, low grade iron, and salt in abundance, with ample surplus of the latter for export. There are also rich oil fields and deposits of zinc, lead, and some silver. The iron and coal industry centering about Katowice reminds one of Pittsburgh, with its forest of smoke-stacks. The new Polish government has fallen heir to many industries as a result of the war, and is operating them; but the results will probably be better when they can be turned over to private operation. The textile industry in Lodz and surrounding cities is in a very high physical state. Though these large mills were wrecked during the German occupation, they have been restored to first class condition, and are equal to textile mills anywhere. This industry is suffering, in common with all similar industries in Europe, from the decreased buying power of Russia and the countries of middle Europe. The government of Poland has followed a necessary policy of assistance in getting the various industries rehabilitated, and this help, while vital, has been a great drain upon the limited cash resources of the country. The transportation lines and the main trunk highways are in first class condition. On the railroads the equipment is good but not entirely adequate. The people in the main are well fed and well clothed, energetic and apparently happy. Altogether Poland as a country presents an attractive view to the investigator. With rich agriculture properly diversified, with industry, it can easily support in a prosperous way a population larger than its present one of approximately thirty millions. The resources and wealth are sufficient to form the background of a sound system of taxation which will even support the military establishment necessary in the face of exposed frontiers.

Mr. Samuel S. Vauclain, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, who also visited Poland last year, said—

> Poland is going to be the salvation of all business in Europe, because Poland will separate the Bolshevistic tendencies of the East from the democratic countries of the West. Every bit of traffic between Russia and western Europe must go through Poland. Every railroad passing either to the east or the west passes through Warsaw. Liberty regulated by law, that which has made the American nation what it is today, is the slogan of an enthusiastic, optimistic, and determined nation.

These views of Poland are the statements of gentlemen who are neither diplomats, handicapped by courtesy in committing their opinions, nor poets, handicapped by imagination. They are American business men whose judgments are, by necessity, unbiased. It is gratifying to me, as representative of Poland, to state that from the beginning of her second independent life, Poland never was met with lukewarm feelings.

Ardent sympathies and vehement criticisms surrounded our difficult political start. I must admit, however, that from the moment of my landing on this continent, I have had the impression that the American atmosphere is less inclined to criticism than the European—or is it simply more conducive to a wholesome constructive criticism? It seems to me that the clue for understanding sympathies as well as criticisms can only be found in a solution of the following primary problem. Is the existence of a free, socially-

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sound Poland as a great central European republic in the rather uncomfortable place which destiny assigned her on the map very long ago, an essential condition of restoring the normal health of Europe, consequently of the world—or is it not? Does Poland constitute a danger for the peace of the world, or does she constitute a security against two or three grave possibilities of danger for the future world?

I admit that for many foreigners who have no opportunity of studying her history, and to whom the field of political vision is for some reason inaccessible, the answer to these questions is not easy. It is probably true that a great many people approach Poland in a spirit of caution. We understand, and even appreciate, such a spirit—if only because it means to us an additional stimulus to try to avoid mistakes in our national policy.

We are not speculating on anybody's sentiments, however generous and favorable to us they may be, and equally, we do not deserve anybody's distrust. We put forward claims to a sober, cool, and just appreciation for a verdict for which we can afford to wait. We have had a great political past. Everyone of us believes that we have a great political destiny ahead of us which we must courageously fulfill. We are quietly awaiting the moment when the sensible and honest opinion of the world shall consider Poland, forming a geographical centre of Europe, as an international necessity, as a first class security, as one of the chief factors in making Europe "safe for democracy." Ten years hence, no sober mind will be able to conceive the world without a powerful and peaceful Poland, uniting, rather than dividing, the East and the West.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS

By PADRAIC COLUM

THE roots of the cedars of Lebannon grew down in to that cavern, and in their tangle a thousand bats huddled together. Every seven years, the dog that was Malchus's dog, wakened up: raising his head, he would see his master and his master's six friends lying, one beside the other, fast asleep.

The dog that was Malchus's dog, would smell around, but nothing would come to him except the smell that he had known in burrows—the smell of dry earth. There would be no stir in the air around him; there would be no movement upon the ground; there would be no daylight. The thousand bats, high above him, made no sound and gave no stir. With his head raised, the dog that was Malchus's dog, would look to his master, expecting that his voice would come to him. No voice would come, and the dog would turn round, and lie down, and sleep again.

Every seven years, for fifty times seven years, the dog would waken up; still his master and his master's six friends lay there, their flesh upon them and the bloom of youth upon their flesh. Then, one day, light streamed into the cavern, for the stones that had been set at its mouth were removed. The dog wakened up; seeing the daylight, the dog barked. Malchus, his master, wakened up. And then the other six sleepers awakened.

They awakened, and they said to one another—"We have slept; even through the hours of our great danger, we slept." They saw daylight streaming in, and each said—"It is not as we thought it was." Each thought that he had a dream of the cavern being closed upon them by their persecutors with immovable stones.

For these youths had been persecuted by Decius, emperor of the Romans, king of the four quarters of the earth, having dominion over seventy-two kings. The emperor had been moved to persecute the Christians of the city of Ephesus. He had a proclamation made, saying that all who would not go into the pagan temples and make sacrifice to the pagan idols should be cut to pieces by his soldiers; he himself rode on his horse into the city to see that his command was carried out.

Nearly all who were in the city forsook the Christian faith. But there were seven youths who would not forsake it, nor go into the pagan temples and make sacrifice to the pagan idols. These seven were friends who were devoted to one another, and their names were Malchus, Marcian, Dionysius, John, Serapion, Maximian, and Constantine.

They stole from the city and they went towards the mountain Celion, and the dog that was Malchus's dog, followed them. They hid within a cavern. Then one went back to the city to buy food. The shopkeeper who sold him meal made a little rent in the bag so that the meal trickled out, leaving a track where he went. And the emperor, mounted on his horse, followed this track and came to the cavern where the seven had hidden themselves. He signed to his followers, and they drew heavy stones, and they closed up the entrance of the cavern. "In a while," the emperor said, "none will be left alive in Ephesus or around it who have the Christian faith." And the emperor rejoiced as he said this. The seven in the cavern sat together; they saw the daylight being shut out, and they knew from the scornful shouts of those outside that they had been shut in so that they never could leave the cavern. They sat there talking to one another, and weeping and consoling one another. Then they slept. The dog that was Malchus's dog, crept

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close to them, and he, too, slept, but every seven years, he wakened up.

And after a hundred years, and another hundred, and a third hundred years had passed, a man came to the side of that mountain, and seeking weighty stones for the building of a roadway, he took away the stones that were at the mouth of the cavern. It was then that the daylight streamed in on where they lay. It was then that the dog that was Malchus's dog, barked. It was then that they wakened up—Malchus, Marcian, Dionysius, John, Serapion, Maximian, and Constantine. It was then that each said—"It is not as I thought; the mouth of the cavern is not closed upon us."

They were hungry. Malchus told his friends that he would steal into the city, and buy bread and bring it back to them. They let him go, and he went out of the cavern, and down the side of the mountain, and along the road that went to the city of Ephesus. When he came before the gate of the city, he nearly fell backward in astonishment. For behold! over the gate of the city was the cross of the Christian faith. He thought that this could be nothing but a trick to bring back to the city the Christians who had fled from it. And in greater fear than ever he went through the gate and into the city.

He had lived in a wide street in that city, but now he went down byways and lane-ways so that he might not be met by those who knew him. He came to a baker's shop that was away from the main part of the town, and he went within. He saluted the baker, and the baker returned his salutation in the name of Christ. Malchus was made fearful, thinking that the words were said to trap him, but he pretended not to have heard what the baker said. He took the loaves from him, and handed him a silver coin in payment.

When the baker received the coin he looked at Malchus sharply. He then went to the back of the shop and spoke to some who were there. Malchus was about to steal out of the shop when the baker came and laid hands on him saying—"Nay, you must not go until you have told us where the treasure is that you found." "I found no treasure," Malchus said to him. "Where then did you get the ancient coin that you have given me in payment for the loaves? Assuredly you have found a treasure." And when the baker said this to him Malchus gave himself up for lost, for he thought that this talk about treasure was but a pretense to hold him until they examined him on the charge of being a Christian.

The men in the baker's shop laid hold on Malchus, and they put a rope around his neck, and they dragged him into the market-place. They said to those who crowded around—"Here is one who has found a treasure that must be given to the emperor, and we would have a reward for making him reveal where that treasure now is." And Malchus, in the market-place, looked all round him. He saw no one there whom he knew, and he could see that no one in the crowd knew him. He said to those who were around him—"Tell me, I implore you, what city is this that I have come into?" They said—"You are playing the madman, pretending that you do not know that this is the great city of Ephesus."

It was then that Malchus saw coming through the crowd one in the robes of a Christian bishop. "Who is the youth, and why is he being treated by the Ephesians in this way?" he asked. And Malchus heard those around him say—"He has offered a coin of the reign of an ancient emperor in payment for loaves of bread, and he dares to say that it is of the money that his parents gave him. Assuredly he has found a treasure, but he will tell none of the Ephesians where the treasure now is."

Malchus saw that the one who came to him was indeed a bishop, and he was made more and more bewildered. The bishop came and spoke tenderly to him. Then said Malchus—"I implore you to tell me where the Emperor Decius has gone to." The bishop said—"Decius is not our emperor's name. There has not been an emperor of the name of Decius for three hundred years." And then he said—"If, as you say, you have parents and friends living in the city of Ephesus, tell us their names, so that we may bring them to you."

Then Malchus gave the names of his parents, and the names of the friends he knew in Ephesus. No one in that crowd had heard of them. The bishop then told him that he might go to the place where he thought his parents lived. Malchus went there, the bishop and the people following him. And when he came to the place where his parents' house had stood, behold! what he saw there was a pool of water with birds dipping their wings in it.

When he saw this he wept. Then to the bishop and those who were with the bishop he said—"I do not understand what I look upon. I thought that I was in great danger in coming here, thinking that it was only yesterday that the Christians of Ephesus were being put to the sword. But I see the cross surmounting the churches, and I see the Christian bishop having authority. And yet it is to me as if I had come into a city of the dead. Let me, I pray you, go back to the cavern where I left my companions."

The bishop signed to those who were guarding him, and they let Malchus go. He went, and they followed him, towards the mountain, Celion. He entered the cavern. He saw his six friends Marcian, Dionysius, John, Serapion, Maximian, and Constantine, and they welcomed him joyfully. He gave them the bread he had brought, and they ate, and were elated. But when they asked of him what signs he saw of the persecution of Christians in Ephesus he wept. And then he told them that all they had known in Ephesus had passed away, the good with the evil, and that there was no persecution of Christians there, and that

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the cross was reared in triumph over the churches and over the gate of the city, and that their parents and all whom they knew were dead and long passed away. His friends listened to him in wonder. And while he was still speaking, the bishop came into the cavern where they were. "Bless us, Holiness," the seven youths said to him. "Nay, it is you should bless me and bless the people of Ephesus," the bishop said, "seeing that it was on you that God bestowed the most signal favor—the favor of keeping you in life to witness the triumph of the cross in Ephesus and in the whole of the east of the world." Then the bishop led them without, and the seven stood on the side of the mountain, and blessed the people who came towards them on that Easter morning, carrying the cross.

As they stood there, it seemed to the seven of them, to Malchus, Marcian, Dionysius, John, Serapion, Maximian, and Constantine, that every clod within was making melody, such music came to them from the cavern. They went within. Then they lay down as before and the dog that was Malchus's dog, lay near them. And lying there, their souls went from them, and they passed out of this life. Then the flesh fell away from them, and only their bones and the bones of the dog that was Malchus's dog, were left in the cavern. And, behold! a rose-tree grew up where they had lain, and its branches spread out, and they grew over the mouth of the cavern, wreathing it in roses. Ever afterwards, in that cavern and around it, there was the scent of roses.

COMMUNICATIONS

INTELLECT AND CHARACTER

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—May I be one of those to respond to your invitation to contribute to the discussion which has arisen concerning the failure of our Catholic colleges to furnish their quota of recruits to the intellectual class of our country? I am a graduate of a Catholic college and until recently was a member of the teaching staff of two such colleges. My elementary and secondary training were received in public schools and for several years I have been doing graduate work at a large non-sectarian university. In addition, I taught for one year in a public high school. All these contacts have been most happy, and I call attention to their variety only that I may thus establish my right to a hearing on this subject.

Of one significant fact there can be no reasonable doubt—the Catholic section of the population is almost entirely without influence on the intellectual and cultural life of these United States. Two million English Catholics play proportionately a much larger part in the formation of public opinion than do our boasted twenty millions. To what extent should our Catholic institutions of higher learning—including the seminaries, with which, however, I am in no position to concern myself—be blamed for this truly deplorable state of affairs?

Your recent correspondent mentioned two serious disadvantages under which Catholic colleges labor—namely, lack of adequate financial backing and a tendency among their promoters to increase the number in the field unreasonably. Wealthy Catholics should be informed of the needs of Catholic education, and efforts must be made to dissipate the widespread illusion that religious communities engaged in teaching are rolling in affluence—apparently miraculous in origin. There is, relatively speaking, much more money donated to hospitals, orphanages and other eleemosynary institutions than finds its way into the coffers of Catholic colleges. Many people are too short-sighted to see that the sickness and destitution which they feel have the first claim to their attention would, as far as they are ascribable to social causes, be alleviated by the spread of sound education. Of the needless multiplication of Catholic colleges, especially those for women, it is almost painful to write. The condition is one that I have heard deplored by many thoughtful Catholics and is so calculated to retard our scholastic progress that the most implacable enemy of Catholic higher education is sure to watch its extension with the diabolical grin characteristic of the villain of melodrama. "Divide and be ruled," seems to be the suicidal slogan.

The consolidation of Catholic colleges would undoubtedly eliminate many of the evils of which frequent complaint is made. Duplication of activities is costly; and convent colleges in particular are, by their unwillingness to combine their forces, prepared to increase their expenses to a degree that would not be tolerated by reputable business concerns. Concentration of several colleges in one would release funds for satisfactory scientific equipment and improved library facilities, and give breadth and diversity to a curriculum in many cases now at once too narrow and too general to satisfy the requirements of students animated by a zeal for specialization. At the present time classes are likely to be too large and instructors too few, with the result that religious teachers in particular are expected to spend too many hours a week in the classroom. This latter condition could also be remedied by insisting that students do more work outside of class.

In addition to these tangible deficiencies, there seems to be a lack of appreciation on the part of those in whose hands lies the destiny of Catholic colleges, of the need to train intellectual leaders, combined with an ignorance of the best methods by which these are to be produced. Although the most important task of Catholic education is that which Professor James made the end of all training—the formation of character—it is not that alone. The intellect as such must be developed, otherwise why formal scholastic training at all, when we might be able to get along nicely with a reformed Sunday school?

In spite of Kingsley's idiotic advice to the sweet young thing to be good and not clever, it is intelligence ingrafted into virtue which can most effectively serve good causes.

To create an atmosphere in which students made of the stuff of intellectual leaders are to thrive, it is necessary for the authorities in Catholic colleges to do their share to stimulate scholarly interests, to promote healthy intellectual curiosity and to awaken the critical faculties of the mind. At present, the apotheosis of memory is the bane of Catholic education. Moreover, questions of current interest to the thinking world, such as those connected with biblical criticism, scientific investigation and historical and sociological research should be frankly and fairly discussed and the Catholic side presented in an enlightened

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manner. It is necessary to "face the spectres of the mind and lay them." They can no longer be exorcised by a pious gesture.

Of the numerous excellencies of Catholic higher education, I have not written. It is not, I take it, the purpose of the present inquiry to catalogue the undoubted merits of our colleges and universities, but rather to find out why they have so signally failed to produce better results.

GEORGIANA PUTNAM MCENTEE.

WHAT SOME COLLEGES ARE DOING

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In his letter on Catholic colleges, Mr. Molanphy, in mentioning Catholic colleges about the vicinity of New York, speaks of Saint Peter's college. Now Saint Peter's college ceased to exist, except as a charter, at the opening of the world war in 1917. That was eight years ago. At that time the Jesuits carried out their plan of amalgamation for their colleges about New York, and it was decided that all their higher education was to be at Fordham University. I mention all this because many of Mr. Molanphy's statements are just as absurd.

Now to proceed to the main argument. He says that because bills have to be met, Catholic colleges are forced to open their registers to incompetents and dead weights. This he claims is the policy of Boston College, Holy Cross, Fordham University, Georgetown University and the Catholic University. As one of these "incompetent and dead weights," I am in a position to know the facts.

Fordham University requires college certification for every high school student that desires to enter. That means a high school average of about 75 percent. Far from admitting dead weights, Fordham received only 375 out of 800 applicants for last year's freshman class. Holy Cross is a limited college. There are about four applicants for every freshman vacancy and the lucky applicant is chosen on his high school merits. The same standards apply to Georgetown and Boston College. Again, if Mr. Molanphy had taken the trouble to investigate the scholastic requirements of these various colleges, he would have found that throughout the entire four years of college, there is a process of weeding out the undesirables. This process goes on from the day a man enters college until he graduates.

Now let us turn our attention to the faculties of Catholic colleges. The lay professors about the various Catholic colleges show no signs of middle-age mediocrity, nor do appearances indicate that they are underpaid or underfed. As for college equipment, Holy Cross has just finished building a magnificent dormitory and chapel and is planning to erect a new library. Boston College has added within the last few years to its marvelous Gothic group, a $900,000 science building, unsurpassed in equipment. A new library that will be the most perfect of its kind, is now half completed. At Fordham we are enjoying our new $500,000 gymnasium, and the new Gothic library will be soon finished. Georgetown is still working on her building program and is compelled to turn away students. All this does not seem to indicate that the Catholic colleges are in the severe financial straights that Mr. Molanphy implies, or that they lack adequate and sufficient equipment.

In Mr. Molanphy's remarks, there is an implied insult to the students in Catholic colleges as if they were content with an inferior brand of education. Now the fact is that we do not go to a Catholic college forced by any necessity save in a living compliance with Holy Mother Church, and a sound conviction that a Catholic college will give us a better brand of education than we could possibly obtain at a non-sectarian college. Finally, we are not sure that the Catholics who attend non-sectarian institutions are always there, as Mr. Molanphy seems to imply, because of the intellectual advantages they desire. Their reasons, we suspect are not always cultural, more often than not they are social.

ARTHUR J. TAYLOR.

HOW DO THE SCHOOLS STAND?

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—I am inclined to believe that if Mr. Molanphy means what I think he means, his point is not weakened by many of the replies published. I may be equally permitted, I think, to place my own interpretation upon what he wrote, with all those who have answered him according to their individual understanding of what he meant. It is quite natural that graduates should fly to the defense of alma mater under what they take to be an attack; quite natural too that members of our harassed teaching orders should resent what, hastily read and without further elucidation, might seem to indicate a lack of appreciation of their burdens. Still, Mr. Molanphy is not answered by drawing into the discussion Dante and Copernicus as products of Catholic education, nor, I submit, by the statement that graduates of Catholic schools were found to be more satisfactory than those of other schools in the compilation of the Catholic Encyclopedia. That seems fairly obvious. The point is not, either, that on the whole morality is better safeguarded in Catholic schools than in some others.

It seems to me that the gist of Mr. Molanphy's remarks is contained in the question—Are Catholic American schools today as good as they should be, giving fullest credit for their achievement in solving particular problems in the past fifty years? That is an eminently proper question for any Catholic to ask. I cannot see that he should need the special credentials which some of his correspondents seem to demand. I think the implication that no one may speak but the teacher is not a healthy sign; it is neither Catholic nor American, and it certainly does not weaken Mr. Molanphy's point as to right education—if that is his point.

I for one should like to read a sober answer to his query.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

MR. MOLANPHY REPLIES

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Father Cox, commenting on my letter concerning the present status of American Catholic colleges, states that my views are based on two gratuitous assumptions—one, that non-sectarian universities feel that their graduates represent the fulfilment of their educational ideals; and the other, that of Catholics, graduated from college, those from non-sectarian universities have most frequently achieved success.

It would be sophomoric to base any thesis on the first assumption. The dissatisfaction of the non-sectarian universities with the standing achieved by the majority of their recent graduates is a matter of common knowledge. Moreover, I have been in a position to judge of the recent results of higher education under non-Catholic auspices through other than social contacts. For six and one-half years, my work was very largely concerned with the training of a number of these young men for commercial service in foreign fields. The men whom I

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met in this way were graduates of the principal institutions from California to New Hampshire. I found many of them pathetically immature, and very often lacking the background to be expected of a recently matriculated freshman. This condition is not our concern, but is a matter for the registration boards of their universities, which had admitted men unqualified for college work. The point is that these men were able to attend universities affording facilities for the development of the talents which they might wish to employ to earn a living, to give social service or to enrich life aesthetically. That they were unable to make use of these opportunities is a problem for their respective colleges. The question which the Catholic college has to meet is whether its facilities furnish the best for the ambitious student.

The second assumption noted by Father Cox as a basis for my views, and which he holds to be unfounded, is that, of those Catholics graduated from collegiate institutions, those from the non-sectarian schools have most frequently achieved distinction. In connection with this point, there was a certain lack of clarity in my previous letter which I deplore and which I now wish to rectify. Since my letter concerned the present status of Catholic colleges, my remarks applied to the graduates of the current generation, and by this I mean those of the past fifteen years. I said that Catholic colleges can point to only rare instances of men and women students who have achieved distinction in literature, music, or other fields of creative activity. I spoke for this period, and to this I adhere. I did not compare their graduates with the Catholic graduates of other colleges, but at the moment the names of three men whose work is conspicuous for its fine quality come to mind. These men are Catholic graduates of a non-sectarian institution. I know of no graduate of a Catholic college whose work compares with theirs. If there be any, their affiliations should be made known for the glory of their institutions.

I know and appreciate the value of the type of men which were being produced by our Catholic colleges twenty-five and thirty years ago. At that time the entire problem of college education was different. Students did not then attend college as a matter of course, nor was a college education considered a matter of necessity for material success. In the Catholic college of that day, the student body was small, and the lack of physical facilities were overcome in a great measure by the quality of the instructors and the intellectual curiosity of the students. Vocations to the religious teaching orders have not kept pace with the growth and increase in numbers of Catholic colleges. Good men are changed from one college to another, either in conformity with the policy of the order, or because of a need arising in some other community. It is difficult to replace these men with religious equally equipped, and the Catholic college rarely has the funds to hire a lay specialist.

The question of staff is not the only problem of the Catholic college under the present system. The progress of science, modern methods of teaching and the large student body are factors which make the plant of the college of major importance. The scientific equipment of certain of our Catholic colleges has enabled them to be of service to the government on more than one occasion. Their completeness and perfection is not, cannot, be common to the other Catholic colleges, because they lack the funds for the construction of observatories and adequate laboratories. The library is only one other field in which the financial stringency is felt. Centralization of resources would seem to be the obvious step toward a remedying of inadequate plant conditions.

Father Cox takes issue with my comprehension of the term culture. Culture, per se, is something which I conceive to be quite unconnected with university training, or artistic or material achievement. It is the expression of a fineness of soul and, to my mind, of its very nature cannot be pagan. It is not the fruit of training in non-sectarian universities. Intellectual culture is that breadth and cultivation of mind, coming from intimate association with the best that has been thought, said and done, which has a natural or developed appreciation as its foundation. Our colleges must bring into the field of their activity as much of the best as can be compassed within the walls of adequately equipped libraries, science halls, museums and auditoriums.

Centralization of resources will not completely solve the financial problem for the Catholic college. There will always be struggle, especially with the effort for a restriction of the student body. This, however, will be the point at which the Catholic college will be able to show the superiority of an animating spirit of Christian idealism. However, the ideals behind Catholic education will be inoperative if the colleges have not the equipment for attracting and producing students of superior standing.

The Regis High School, privately endowed and supported, and conducted by the Jesuits is proof that the quality of the student body of an institution can be made to conform to the educational ideals of the institution. This school, founded for the purpose of raising the standard of secondary education, demands high ratings as entrance requirement, and the student is allowed to fall very little below the ninety mark during his course. There may be objections to this scheme for college students, but the results obtained by the school are evidence of what can be done when educators adhere to the ideal of training the best for the best.

Catholic colleges must improve their equipment to conform to their high purpose; otherwise, we shall have to see each year groups of talented young men and women seeking the other universities, and there lacking the salutary, guiding force of Catholic idealism, prostituting their talents for a brummagem notoriety or for the promise of future rewards. Though instances of this type of waste be few, they are too many. The Church needs all its sinews, and the college must prepare them. We must concentrate our forces to make our educational institutions worthy of the dignity and authority of the Church.

I did not think that my letter could be construed as a present demand for the standards of education reached by the mediaeval universities. That would be absurd. I do claim that we should be further on the road toward this goal if there had not been the dissipation of forces which interested Catholics must view with regret.

Might I say that I was a bit surprised at the tone of certain of your correspondents? I think that you appreciate that my letters are only the expression of a desire to see Catholic colleges assume their proper place in the front rank of educational institutions. Had my purpose been other than this, I should not have chosen your review as a medium for the expression of my opinion.

C. MOLANPHY.

(The Editors, while gratified by the interest in Catholic colleges aroused by Mr. C. Molanphy's letter on the subject published in The Commonweal of September 23, regret that exigencies of space have neither permitted them to publish all the communications that have been written in reply, nor, in the case of those published, to print all in their entirety.)

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POEMS

Ecstasy

When I was young, and the new day broke in
At the white window-pane, showing its face,
Something played for me with a violin—
Saying that this world was a magic place,
Where life went with mysterious, hidden state
To some unspoken wonder consecrate!

As I grew older, still within me grew
That music, though the battles had begun—
Though crying on the wind, the arrows flew
Until they lifted darkness to the sun . . .
Yet life remained a splendid, shining thing
Fledged at each shoulder with a mighty wing!

And still my heart perceives that violin;
I lean with all my hearing to its tale;
There's a great music singing still within
That tells of loveliness that must prevail:
Night's stars lean vast upon my window-sill—
Wonder and glory, be my captains still!

HARRY KEMP.

You, as You Are

You, as you are; and I, as I shall be
  When you have come and gone (and so reverse
The drift and purport of my agony,
  The total order of my universe.)
What heights, then, to achieve! What darks disperse!
  What lights relume! What destinies shape free!
You, as you are; and I, when I immerse
  Myself in you, utter and finally!

Now, as we are, apart and touching hands
  Only at intervals, we cannot make
  Cause out of chaos. We are but an ache
Of half desires, of nebulous commands,
  Leaving us words of marvel—left unsaid;
  Seas unvoyaged on, shores unvisited!

GUSTAV DAVIDSON.

Autumn Rain

Beneath this leafy screen
On the edge of the forest,
I stand and watch the rain
Come sweeping across the valley—
Like a veil of silver,
A swaying curtain of grey.

A moment ago there was life and stir in the forest—
The cheep of birds,
A squirrel scurrying to its lair,
And the rough creeking of branches.
But now there is a thick silence
Broken only by the quick patter on the leaves,
Monotonous and dull.

JOHN BUNKER.

The House at the Wood

Behind a green gate, close to a wood,
A snow-scarred house in silence stood;
  Deep-hid from prowling feet of fame,
  On which the white moon poured white flame.

Within that house a slim youth lay,
His face was white as burnt-out clay;
  One ice-dimmed window watched the west,
  And his white hands that crossed his breast.

A single pine-tree bowed its head—
"The tree is sad," the father said;
  "The lad came late, but left too soon
   To pluck gold apples of the moon.

"He went away—he walks the height,
 Where there is neither day nor night—
   No gates or doors, or prison-bars—
   How wild the wind, how cold the stars!"

J. CORSON MILLER.

Sorrow's Ladder

Only by sorrow's ladder shall we rise,
For joy is an abbreviated stair,
We come upon its threshold unaware—
High sorrow's ladder reaches to the skies!
I, who have made this world my paradise,
Now find earth strangely filled with towering fears—
The sea a multitude of undried tears—
The way of grief lies bared before my eyes.

O Life, that I have jested with so long,
Capered into your pitfalls, wound each snare
About my heedlessness; too debonair
For further reckoning, now make me strong
That I, though bruised, may fearlessly ascend
High sorrow's ladder, singing, to the end!

GERTRUDE CALLAGHAN.

At Fifty

How pale the roses that we thought so red—
  How spiritless the wine that was our joy!
Now, where the only dear ones are the dead,
  And dance and art seem but a poor employ.

Dreams that were fair serve only to disturb
  The solid slumber that we fain would keep;
At fifty years there blooms the dreary herb
  Experience in every cup would steep.

Blessed the young that perish in the Lord—
  And blessed we, perchance, who hold the string
Even though dispirited, the lattice-cord
  For some divinely pledged salvationing!

THOMAS WALSH.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Accused

THE breath of life seems to penetrate the theatre when a dramatist of mature power and actors of real distinction combine forces. Mr. Belasco has brought about such a combination in Accused, an absorbingly interesting play by Brieux, securely and deftly acted by a cast of unusual strength and balance. With the exception of Walter Hampden's splendid production and superbly heroic interpretation of Hamlet—to which most of this page will be devoted next week—Accused stands as the finest achievement of the season to date.

Briefly, it centers around the torturing problem of a young lawyer who finds himself defending a woman whom he discovers, before the trial, to be guilty of murder—a woman with whom he is also deeply and honorably in love. Some criticism has been directed against the play on the grounds that a problem of this sort has no universal application; that, to be sufficiently absorbed in it, the audience must first admit a genuine interest in the ethics of the legal profession. I feel, however, that this is distinctly a surface criticism. The real interest, as in Hamlet, for example, lies in the struggle created, not in the particular circumstances creating it. What holds the breathless attention of the audience at the Belasco theatre is not the superficial plot, but the theme of human will power under terrific stress, and the all too human conflict between emotion, cold reason and idealism.

There are, to be sure, moments when Brieux, the social dramatist, steps before the curtain and holds up the dramatic action to propound a problem of real concern to lawyers alone. But these moments are rare. They weaken the play by complicating its human simplicity, but they do not destroy it. Nor do they obscure an ending as lofty and ennobling, through its spirit of humility and renunciation, as I have seen in the theatre this year. The action leads toward it with a slow and magnificent crescendo.

This play was the occasion of bringing Mr. Sothern under Belasco auspices again, after a long lapse of years. Yet with all respect to Mr. Belasco's amazing intuition in casting, I am not convinced that Mr. Sothern was the best choice for the part of the young lawyer, De Verron. In the first act, he displayed fine repose and an interesting quality of nervous restraint. But in the more emotional scenes of the second and third acts, there was a noticeable resort to Shakespearean mannerisms and to a vocal quality too sustained and wave-like to carry the full impact of the struggle, too much of the grand manner without the relief of the staccato accents. Some of the speeches in these acts are very long and demand great emotional variety. Lester Lonergan, as the aristocratic father of the murdered husband, achieved a better theatrical effect and with it a deeper and truer sense of emotional disturbance. Moffat Johnston and Leigh Lovel also contributed notable characterizations in brief but important scenes. Henry Herbert, as the grandfather of the young lawyer, and the one who tries to hold him to the strictest account demanded by French legal ethics, was unconvincing, probably because he failed to use enough stage business to give a difficult part individuality. He merely emphasized the moments in which Brieux becomes tiresome and preachy.

The highest pitch of sincere acting was reached by a comparative newcomer to Broadway, Miss Ann Davis, as the widow whom De Verron is defending. Miss Davis, if I remember correctly, contributed the one piece of fine acting to the ill-fated Virgin of Bethulia last season. She knows how to express deep emotion by line and gesture, as well as by voice. And in Accused, she put her knowledge to superb use. The part is far from one that acts itself. It is one where silent anguish alone can convey the full meaning and give the necessary height of interest to the entire action of the play.

These Charming People

CHEAP epigrams and a tongue in the cheek do not, by themselves, make up a play—not even the lightest of light comedies. And this is all that Michael Arlen has been able to contribute to his second Broadway play. It is also in order to say that the play and his book of the same name have only the name in common. Unlike the Green Hat, this is not a dramatization of a book. It stands (if it does stand) on its own feet.

So far as its entertainment value goes, it stands chiefly on the amusing feet of Cyril Maude, most ably assisted by a young lady from England named Edna Best. May she be a constant visitor! She is personable, amazingly at ease and establishes at once a twinkling and humorous rapport with her audience. Mr. Maude is (as always, since the glorious days of Grumpy) himself. If he has not supplied himself with many of his lines, I am dolefully mistaken. At all events, he has provided enough stage business to keep the evening moving briskly without any aid from Mr. Arlen. I hope it is not out of order to say that he shares many of the qualities of W. C. Fields. He is, by himself and of himself, a perennial vaudeville sketch.

If I have not said enough as yet to convince you that the play itself is trivial to the point of futility, let me insist upon the fact once more. Without seeking the erotic absurdity of the Green Hat, it is little more than cheap sophistication. Here and there it has a slight Shavian tinge—but Shaw at second-hand is, as Leonard Merrick would say, like calling on the sister of the girl you are engaged to. The time is almost ripe for a great popular discovery—the unimportance of Michael Arlen.

Stolen Fruit

ANN HARDING has done for Dario Niccodemi's play, already presented in France, Spain and Italy under the equivalent title of The Schoolmistress, what Miss Cornell did for the Green Hat—with this difference, that Miss Cornell almost made you forget a meretricious play, whereas Ann Harding lifts an over-sentimental but essentially sound play to a level of greatness.

There is only the brief span of two seasons since Miss Harding won her first unmistakable laurels in an unsympathetic part in Tarnish. I have not had the pleasure of seeing her intervening ventures, but time and a more lovable part have done well by her. She has at her command much more than the average good actress, because she has managed to surmount the handicap of a rare and distinguished beauty with a painstaking and effective art of emotional expression. What she lacked

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in Tarnish—a strong womanly quality—she has now acquired, or perhaps been able to reveal for the first time. She also displays now an engaging and deliciously quiet humor, unforced and as simple as a light breeze.

In this play of a French school-teacher whose retired life and simple religious piety are misunderstood by the village gossips, whose young girlhood has been trampled upon, whose child is thought to be dead, and who suddenly discovers that this child instead of being dead is actually one—but which one?—of her own pupils, you have ample material for a gamut of emotional and tender acting. If anyone believes himself to be a hardened theatregoer, I would ask him to sit through the scene where Miss Harding searches the faces of her little pupils, knowing one of them to be her daughter, but unable, through a chain of ironic circumstances, to identify her. I challenge him to watch this scene unmoved, or not to join, in spite of himself, in the spontaneous ovation it brings at the poignant curtain.

There is in this play much of the strong fresh beauty of provincial France, of the quality which made Charles Vildrac's Michael Auclair a poem of simplicity. In less capable hands, it might easily degenerate into sentimentality. It lacks the perfection and balance of Vildrac's work. Yet an identical quality pervades both plays, a quality that you can fully understand only if you have known and loved the soil of France, far from its brilliant capital. In making the most of its possibilities, Miss Harding is ably seconded by a sincere, simple and engaging performance on the part of Rollo Peters, as Count Philippe de Verdois. In fact, the cast is excellent throughout, with a particularly delightful characterization by Harry Beresford. This is not a great play, but Miss Harding achieves greatness in it and lifts it to a worthy and distinguished place.

In Selecting Your Plays

(The following list includes all plays reviewed in The Commonweal—favorably or otherwise—which are still playing in New York.)

Applesauce—Amusing characterization in a comedy of small-town life.

Arms and the Man—Splendidly acted revival of Shaw's pleasantest comedy.

Is Zat So?—The best character comedy of the year, hung on a poor plot.

Oh, Mama!—The wrong kind of French farce.

Outside Looking In—The hobo empire at its best and worst—marred by wholly unnecessary blasphemy.

The Buccaneer—Messrs. Anderson and Stallings, two dramatists in search of a play. They don't find it.

The Butter and Egg Man—Mostly good comedy spoiled by occasional offensively bad taste.

The Gorilla—The best spoofing of mystery plays in many a day.

The Green Hat—Mr. Arlen's weak-willed heroine obscured by the glamor of Katherine Cornell's all-too-good acting.

The Little Poor Man—This intensely interesting dramatic life of Saint Francis is reopening for special matinées, Tuesdays and Fridays.

The Pelican—Well acted, well constructed, play on a thin and unpersuasive motive.

The Poor Nut—One good hippodrome scene and little else.

The Vortex—Starts anywhere and ends nowhere, but has good theatrical quality in two scenes.

They Knew What They Wanted—Sin, punishment and forgiveness in swift and powerful sequence. Too much box-office blasphemy.

White Cargo—Only if you like to be harrowed to no purpose.

BOOKS

London Life in the Eighteenth Century, by M. Dorothy George. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $6.50.

MRS. GEORGE'S book is the successful effort of a conscientious scholar to reproduce the life and work of the poorer classes during one of the most interesting and fluctuating periods of London's history. She has shown creative ability in her assimilation of much heavy material. The facts of a period soon become bald and dull if they are not salted with vivid quotations and anecdote. The steel engravings that illustrate the six chapters are excellent and, as in the case of Hogarth's Gin Lane, verge on caricature.

If we may judge by the initial chapter, human life in the eighteenth century came and went as cheaply as dust in the wind. "The waste of life was at its worst between 1720 and 1750;" and the great mortality was chiefly among children. To what was this high death-rate due? Not to congested districts, for London was expanding her narrow streets and courts, the price of corn was low, and food reasonable in price, but ". . . the quantity of spirits sold progressively increased and reached its maximum of over 8,000,000 gallons, in 1743 . . . Cheap and plentiful corn did not bring prosperity to the people . . . Laboring men and artisans drank strong beer. Gin-drinking was essentially a disease of poverty." So, to insure infancy, the important Act of 1767 was passed, and "all parish children under six were sent out of London to be nursed." The poor called it "the act for keeping children alive." This charity led to others—lying-in hospitals, dispensaries and work-house infirmaries.

While these first social institutions of London took root, the city itself "expanded irregularly from its centre in a succession of waves." Newcomers, "forbidden to exercise their trades in the city because they were not freemen," settled north and east of London and in Southwark. "The Elizabethan statutes against new buildings, both in practice and intention were directed against dwellings for the poor . . . and the dominating fear . . . was the increase of poor people in London, especially in the newly built parts of Westminster." Grosley says in 1765—"All the houses in London, excepting a few in the heart of the city, belong to undertakers who build upon ground of which a lease is taken for forty, sixty or ninety-nine years . . . The agreement made, the solidity of the building is measured by the duration of the lease, as the shoe by the foot."

Immigrants to London at this time, included Irish, Jews, Negroes, lascars and a floating country population, with a large percentage of women. "Irish emigration was of great industrial importance and profoundly affected social conditions in London." Trades fell into three classes—watch-making, silk-weaving and shoe-making, and the silk trade employed a number of women and children. "It is the ease with which women and children can be set to work that keeps these weavers in poverty and rags and filth and ignorance." Thus the labor of children came to be regarded as an asset, and apprenticeship, that deadly binding over of young creatures to improper authority, was instituted. Illegitimate children were often handed directly over to parish officials in consideration of a lump sum of money; and these sums were the occasion of feasts known as "saddling the spit." "Apprenticeship seems to have been regarded as the most general way of giving a child a start in life."

"A most unhappy practice prevails in most places," said

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a writer on the poor laws in 1738, "to apprentice poor children, no matter to what master, provided he lives out of the parish. If the child serves the first forty days, we are rid of him forever. The master may be a tiger in cruelty, he may beat, abuse, strip naked, starve or do what he will to the poor innocent lad, few people take much notice and the officers, who put him out, the least of anybody." "There was one particularly forlorn set of children—the little climbing boys or chimney-sweepers."

Although these pages are a continuous story of drunkenness, debauchery, unsanitary conditions, bad housing and exploited youth, reform was slowly but surely creeping in. Mrs. George says in her introduction—

"There was the growth of a spirit of humanity . . . In England . . . a greater knowledge of social conditions and a new scientific spirit in dealing with social questions. The Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor was founded in 1796. In the past fifty years, the number of people who had a first-hand knowledge of how the poor lived, had been increasing. In spite of the crimp and the press-gang, the eighteenth-century Londoner had sense of personal freedom."

Her survey is an intense one—the cross-section glimpse of the time as exact in detail, as if eighteenth-century London had been placed under a microscope. The distinguishing feature of the time is, as always, the fact that human life persisted and developed in spite of every effort made to crush, stunt and abuse the growing generation. Social workers and students of today's economic conditions can take heart of grace from reading such a record.

LAURA BENÉT.

The Real Boy and the New World, by A. E. Hamilton. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

WHEN Turgenieff in Fathers and Sons gave classical embodiment to the world-old misunderstanding between the two generations, modern society was about to enter furiously, and with malice aforethought, on the study of the child. Of The Real Boy and the New School, by A. E. Hamilton, noted educator, it can at least be said that the pedagogical passion here recorded, is tempered with mercy, a keen perception of the humorous side of boy-life, and much common-sense.

The book, however, throws more light on the ideals and reactions of Mr. Hamilton, as a teacher, than on boy-psychology. It owes its charm and very readable quality largely to its unusual frankness—almost a confidential and touching candor, empty of the spirit of self-protection—as if a tired tutor, towards midnight, had grown communicative over a camp-fire to a casual visitor—"Hawkins loves birds. He delights in listening to Kellogg's bird-songs on our Vic"—"Grady came in with a story of weak will. Says he can't stop smoking"—then, why Nat Warren read Nietszche, and why someone else held a Bible-class. What we really have in the end, is Mr. Hamilton's autobiography, the record of the expansion of his educational ideals, beginning with his boyhood in Mexico City, as a member of a "gang," and ending with his camp in Maine after a brilliant record of teaching at the schools of Intervale and Westbrook.

Mr. Hamilton's educational theory is closely allied to the Montessori ideal—to allow his pupils the utmost self-expression compatible with the reasonable desire of parents that the boy in question should "learn something" and be able to pass college entrance-examinations, ridiculous as not a few of their questions are. Here and there through the book are scattered such gems of wisdom as—"To hunt the bird without a gun, and love the wildflower, but leave it on its stem, is the deeper lesson to be learned."

But when Mr. Hamilton approaches the spiritual side of education, he gives evidence—as do many modern teachers—of uncertainties and compromises, which, in the case of his advice to Grady on a more serious matter than cigarette-smoking, reveal how much the confessional of the Church is needed in a boys' school.

The groping uncertainty and vagueness of modern thought on many moral and spiritual problems has strong illustration in certain passages in this book. Mr. Hamilton frankly acknowledging his failure to influence a particular boy, writes—"My influence as a teacher was tested hard in this boy . . . years later when I talked with Nat's father, I felt that somehow it was found wanting. 'Thus far you seemed to have failed to introduce my boy to the life of the spirit,' said Mr. Warren."

In spite of this confession, the book closes with no apparent apprehension of the fact that the boy "gang" in life is but a crude, elementary symbol of the fact that the Church—the spiritual body—is served by team-work on a supernal plane. Picturing an ideal school for his daughter, in the closing chapter, Mr. Hamilton writes—"Just as the church, Catholic or Protestant, can almost guarantee to close the mind hermetically against all possibility of spiritual growth, so a school might assure a father like myself that in its care his child might graduate with the conviction that her mind is free to grow to the utmost limit of its power."

Perhaps this is an explanation of Mr. Hamilton's failure to introduce at least one of his pupils to "the life of the spirit." Certainly it is in accord with his further wishes for his daughter's experiences in this the new "stadium age"—"May she early learn the medium of motherhood under the new dispensation of a woman's choice as to the number and time-distribution of her children . . . Kipling's If, the book of Ecclesiastes, the Rubaiyat, and a few of the sayings of Jesus are sufficient for her spiritual foundation."

Apparently, Kipling is first in importance.

ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL.

Selected Poems, by Charles Hanson Towne. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

WHILE it is always interesting to know what poems an author will select for preference among his published works, it is not always a definite mark of their excellence; as an author, and particularly a poet, is rarely a safe critic of his own productions. The fond parent of a large band of children is in more or less the same predicament when called upon to declare a preference.

There are some of us, therefore, who will not accept Mr. Towne's preferences and exclusions; some of his earlier poems will be preserved stubbornly and his first admirers will point to the loveliness of the lines in his Manhattan as an apology for this—

"Forget not your young days,
The dream untarnished still,
The simple boyhood ways,
The music of the mill,
And oh, the high green hills of home,
And the gold daffodil!"

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Old favorites of Mr. Towne's will still survive his selective impulse. A simple graphic quatrain from his first years is reprinted here; September—

"Now at the grave of summer stands
A priest in purple vestments stoled,
And through the hills, his lifted hands,
There runs a rosary of gold."

Among many poets, as among painters, there are different periods of production. We speak of the warm and the cold style of a Murillo or Velasquez, and we can note the estilo frio coming over Mr. Towne's verse after the publication and success of his poem Manhattan. The years, the experience of life, the changing values of taste that result from the passing of time and the altering of its conditions, result in Mr. Towne's poetry in an increase of thought and philosophy, a decrease of a sentiment, which some critics found excessive in his youthful works; the glitter of a rather phantasmagorical world and a cosmopolitan cleverness, through which, however, now and then, break in the fair lights of the morning when the natural, bird-like singing voice of Charles Hanson Towne is heard again, even in the latter years, pouring forth this really exquisite song—

"I love your face; but more
I love the light behind it;
The radiance doth outpour
Like firelight through a door,
And eagerly I find it.

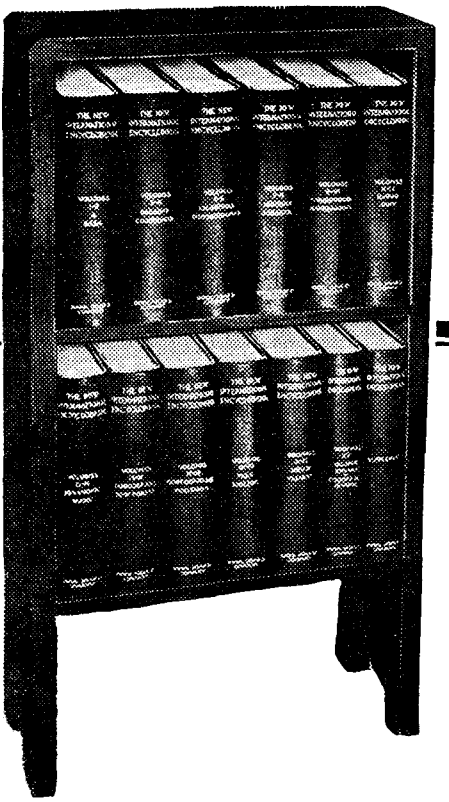
I love your words; and yet
Your silences I cherish.
For words may bring regret
When love's last sun has set—
Too soon, too soon they perish.

But light and silence live
Within the heart's hushed portal.
They are not fugitive,
And love can never grieve
For that which is immortal!"

THOMAS WALSH.

Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, by Dorothy Schons. Austin: University of Texas Bulletins.

AN excellent brochure on a personality all too little regarded in our American literature is the study on Sister Juana Inés de la Cruz, the Tenth Muse, as her scholarly admirers in Mexico and Spain were accustomed to call her. Miss Schons has modestly entitled her work as Some Bibliographical Notes, but her survey of the question amounts to much more than that, presenting the best findings of the poetess's previous biographers, noting the paucity of their investigations and the unsatisfactory incompleteness of the editions of Sister Juana Inés's works. Miss Schons also gives us reprints of rare copies of original poems, some of them from the García Library now housed at the University of Texas in Austin. We must await in patience the proper collection of Sister Juana Inés's works, which Mr. Pedro Henriquez Ureña, or some of the other Mexican scholars and literary men should not delay to provide, as Sister Juana Inés, aside from her high literary merit, is a figure of outstanding importance as the first original poetess of the new world.



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BRIEFER MENTION

History of the Norwegian People in America, by Olaf M. Norlie. Minneapolis: Augsburg Publishing House. $2.00.

THE vigor and enterprise that have made the Norwegian people settled in the United States so important and respectable an element in our population, present further evidence of its pride of achievement and its promise of a great future in the pages of an exhaustive work, by Olaf Morgan Norlie, of Luther College, Iowa, under the inspiring motto of "Americans all." Reverence for the fathers and the founders of our institutions is not so general a quality among our people that we can afford to overlook the pioneer strength and moral stamina of the early settlers from the Norselands. The story of Norway in its origins and characteristics is told clearly as a proper introduction to this study of a great wealth of statistical and personal information. Mr. Norlie records the discovery of Greenland by Gunnbjorn in 876, shortly after the settlement of Iceland. Vinland, the old Norse name for America, was discovered in the year 1000 by Leif Erikson, who landed with thirty-five men at Helmland, conjectured to be Labrador or Newfoundland, at Markland, possibly Nova Scotia, and at Vinland. From these chronicles the story develops on a vast scale to deal with the prosperity that marks Norwegian people wherever they settle.

Little Ships, by Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.00.

LITTLE SHIPS, Mrs. Norris's latest novel, is an oversentimentalized picture of life as it proceeds in the circle of a rollicking Irish family, risen from the soil to comfort and prosperity and bound by ties of great devotion as well as blind misunderstandings. The fundamental elements of the Cunningham home are similar to those in Mother, but the book lacks the taste and sensibility of that appealing story. It is ordinary in both tone and manner of writing. Nevertheless it moves us because of the real episodes of joy and sorrow, disappointment and fulfilment, in the lives of these emotional and primitive folk. Paul's tragic accident and death, Cecy's wretched love affair, Tom's downfall, and most of all the height of domestic bliss to which Kate, the poor relation rises —are all authentic little ironies of life. Mollie and Peter, the kindly, child-like admiring parents, with only surface knowledge of their young, are certainly not the stuff to breed strong characters, and their children cannot interest us. But Kate Walsh, though filling admirably the well-worn rôle of the working girl, still preserves enough honest individuality to make us respect her.

CONTRIBUTORS

REV. IGNATIUS W. COX, S.J., is an authority and writer on Catholic education.

H. SOMERVILLE is an English political economist, and lecturer.

LADISLAS WROBLEWSKI is minister from Poland to the United States.

PADRAIC COLUM, well known as the author of plays and stories of Irish folklore, and JAMES J. WALSH, physician, writer, and lecturer, are frequent contributors to The Commonweal and other publications.

LAURA BENÉT is the author of Fairy Bread, and a contributor of critical reviews to current periodicals.

ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL is a writer of criticism on art and literature, and the author of The Law of Life.

JOHN BUNKER is the author of Shining Fields and Dark Towers.

HARRY KEMP is the author of The Cry of Youth and the Thresher's Wife.

GUSTAV DAVIDSON, J. CORSON MILLER, and GEORGE LAWRENCE ANDREWS are frequent contributors of poetry to American magazines.

GERTRUDE CALLAGHAN is the author of Inheritance.

J. E. SPINGARN is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Just look around this library," ejaculated Doctor Angelicus, putting his gilt-tipped cigarette in the onyx ash-receiver he had just purchased in honor of his own birthday. "All the old books written by men and for men; all the new books written by women and published by men for women readers. These days are feminine."

"At least the evenings have become so," interrupted Miss Anonymoncule, the Lido-Venice and Embassy Club gleam still shining in her eyes. "The hours from seven to two belong to the wives and débutantes nowadays."

"It is an age of vulgar contrasts," went on Angelicus, musingly. "The fine seemliness of the Victorian masters has left our society, has abandoned our critics; and literature, like Medea on the sea-shore, sees her Jason-like novelists sail away with Creusa to the sirens, vampires, and other deep-water attractions of Bible-House publishers (pardon my mixed metaphors, Criticus, I have no time now for rhetoric, syntax or old-fashioned humanities). The harmonic combinations, the seemly synthetics of—"

Tittivillus murmured—"My papa made some on Sunday—"

"The synthetics, I say, of culture. Look at those shelves in happiness—blue and white, scarlet and purple, wondrous volumes of four and five hundred pages of the thickest paper with titles of Lovely Favorites, Sirens of Royal Courts, Women of the Caesars, Débutantes of Hollywood, Salons of Monte Carlo, Famous Wives of Henry VIII, Beauties of Reno—all of them priced at five or ten dollars for the Christmas counters and the renaissance library tables. We have just received Gamaliel Bradford's volume of selected Wives and Violet A. Wilson's new book on Society Women of Shakespeare's Time—she is also the author of Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honor.

"Comment and gossip—most of it without historical foundation, taking the place of real character creation—" fumed Angelicus—"here is Lady Russell, author of those delicious epitaphs, pilloried in pseudo-history as a virago in spite of her love for the dear departed ones; here's Lady Shrewsbury, whose excellent memory never lost track of an injury, clearly a defective woman who should not be resurrected. 'Clearly,' writes J. St. Loe Strachey (Is this St. Loe in the Roman Calendar, Criticus?) 'Shakespeare had seen in the flesh women who might stand for the Venetian Portia, for Beatrice, for Lady Hotspur, for the wife of Brutus and Cleopatra—' clearly, I say, if he was wearing his spectacles and ever saw them face to face—"

"At least they were his contemporaries," asserted Hereticus.

"Queen Victoria, Empress Eugenie, and Walt Whitman are contemporaries of mine, but I hope none of my biographers will ever try to tie up my intimate emotions with them, even if all the subjects and titles for Christmas books and library ornaments shall ever suffer a complete exhaustion."

"But you are not Shakespeare, Doctor," suggested Miss Anonymoncule, in her soft, sweet way.

"True, but I have traveled about a great deal more than he," answered the Doctor rather testily.

"It is all a question of absorption and adaptation," explained Hereticus.

"But why, in the name of Tammany Hall, why drag in all these women? Now comes the already venerable Gamaliel Bradford with his plush-album selection called Wives! Poor old Abe Lincoln's wife, who according to Herndon made the home-fires so hot that she drove him to the village grocery

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stove and the haunts of lawyers and other electoral hangouts! Mrs. James G. Blaine is semi-deified for the very qualities she was conspicuously devoid of. 'The Prince of Wales offers the débutante of the Argentines his right arm—' "

"Isn't it his left arm, Doctor?" asked Tittivillus, anxious for the social proprieties.

"No, boy, his right arm, 'and leads her into the ballroom as his partner,' writes J. St. Loe Strachey, in The Spectator (London), 'and the thing is done; the happy fair has her picture in every newspaper in every part of the habitable globe —Europe hears the Prince's compliments while his suite are taking notes as to the millions of live-stock in the great alluvial plain which seems by nature designed to be the home-farm of civilized man.' It is this sort of thing that drives me to the clog-dancing at the vaudeville."

"The Quiet Corner seems to be developing into a sort of complaint department," suggested the Editor, rushing through the room with the International Encyclopaedia under his arm. "Have you heard, Doctor, of that state in the West where they propose a uniform for the lady teachers in the public schools?" —and the door of the sanctum banged heavily behind him.

"An excellent idea," said Hereticus, taking up the thought— "Think of the expense in gowns and jewelry it is going to save the teachers."

Miss Anonymoncule looked troubled at this turn in the conversation. "I hope," she said, timidly, "that they provide the lady teachers with at least two shades of gown, one for the declared brunettes and another for the unmistakable blondes."

"At least," said Angelicus, "our children, when we have any, are not to be martyrized by the garnet ear-drops of the lady professor of mathematics, suffused in the white chalk-dust at her black-board demonstrations; the flesh-colored hosiery of the lady incumbent of the chair of philosophy and psychology will no longer interfere with the development of her syllogistic arguments. Our policemen, even our jail wardens, wear uniforms; I approve of a seemly uniform for every educational and political office-holder. We shall then be able to detect them at the movies and baseball games and count their ever-growing masses."

"How about a uniform for the scholars?" asked Primus Criticus. "We give them free baths, free lunches—"

"We have no scholars," was heard in low tones over the transom.

"In Italy, all the little boys used to be dressed up like field-marshals on their way to the schools. In Scandinavia, the students boast of their white caps and tassels and even their gold rings with which, as the Doge of Venice, wedding the sea, they are affiliated with their alma mater in a special bond."

"Our discussion started on the feminization of our literature and life, Doctor," said Criticus, a trifle wearied.

"And we reach only as far as the question of class-costuming. After all, it is the ladies, God bless them, that really interest even the most recondite among us!"

Primus Criticus romantically recited—

> "O woman in our hours of ease
> Uncertain, coy and hard to please—"

Interrupted by Tittivillus, standing up and making a graceful gesture with his loose right wrist—

> "When pain and sickness wring the brow
> A ministerial angel thou."

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